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"BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS."

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"PROTESTANTISM" NOT THE WAY TO INFIDELITY.

BY REV. JOHN HALL, D.D.

ANGLO-CATHOLICISM, Presbyterianism, Congregationalism, Unitarianism, Spiritualism, Infidelity—such is the downward career lately predicted, publicly and ostentatiously, for any whom a lawless Protestant spirit might tempt from the safe enclosure of "the Church." Anglo-Catholicism—that is the golden age from which, though silver, brass, and iron, these hypothetical wanderers decline and fall; and the reef is at hand. Look at New England! Look at Geneva! People there were Presbyterians and Congregationalists. Now they are Socinians, or worse. Therefore, the only security against these evils in the second or third generation is to stay in the fold of which the shepherds claim apostolic succession; or, if you are outside, to get in without delay. We have known the argument varied somewhat. For Anglo-Catholicism substitute "Liturgy." The Genevan and the New England communities had no liturgy, and they went into Socinianism. The Episcopal Church had a liturgy, and she kept out of Socinianism. Therefore, a liturgy is the cheap defense of churches against these errors.

This style of argument is, or was before the cheap press, common enough in the British Isles. With country folk, who thought it education enough for the poor that they should learn to say the Church Catechism and take off their hats to the squire, it was conclusive. The present writer has known it to be tried in Ireland. He was once engaged in occasional weekday preaching in a small town of two or three thousand people, where the numbers in attendance disturbed the mind of a local clergyman, and impelled him to write a little book. The following extract will suffice to show his use of the argument. "If, now, brethren, a schism should be established among you in this your day (and you cannot be so innocent as not to see that such a thing is in preparation), and if in due time the congregation established should turn to Unitarianism; then, brethren, if, at the last great bar, the Romanist who was hindered from receiving the Gospel by the want of unity here should rise up on the one side to accuse you and your Unitarian descendants, who had perished in their blasphemy, were to cry for vengeance on the other; I ask you solemnly, in the presence of the living God who sees us, have you prepared a convincing and soul-satisfying answer?" The clergyman who printed this in 1850 might be excused if he said of some recent utterances among us, "That's my thunder." When you are personally charged with preparing such scenes for "the last great bar," if you have any conscience at all, you cannot well help looking into the thing. This the present writer has tried to do; and he ventures to submit his conclusions.

The argument is—to be of force—that Presbyterianism prepares for Independency, and that for Socinianism, and so on; that "the Church" protects against this sliding movement, and both by their very nature. "The Church" protects, because of her liturgy, say some; of her diocesan Episcopacy, say others; of her apostolic succession, say yet others. That the succession has *happened* is not enough. "*Post quod*," after which, is not "*propter quod*," in consequence of which. The succession must be invariable, or so nearly so as to make variations exceptions capable of explanation.

Now, what are the facts? Has Episcopacy in the diocesan form always preserved men from Arianism? One of the ablest British bishops of the last century was Robert Clayton, of Killala and then Clogher. He never apostatized to Presbyterianism; but as Bishop of Clogher and an avowed Arian he proposed in his place in the House of Lords that the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds should be expunged from the Liturgy. He had all the defenses "the Church" can furnish, and he was not safe.

This was in Ireland. Now for England. Few Englishmen have had greater versatility than Samuel Clarke, whose works on the subject of the Trinity were very popular and excited a storm of controversy. Queen Anne would fain have added to his other preferments in the church the archbishopric of Canterbury. But the Bishop of London remonstrated: "Madam, Dr. Clarke is the most learned and eloquent man in your Majesty's dominions; *but he is no Christian.*" No Christian! though in the line of succession and almost an archbishop!

Now for Continental Rationalism. Hagenbach, in his history of it, traces it to Voltaire, and makes the witty, sensual, and unprincipled Lord Bolingbroke "Voltaire's precursor." And where did Bolingbroke learn his scoffing? In the bosom of the Church of England; for he was the brilliant pupil of Eton and Oxford, into which none but the children of the Church had admission.

And is there any essential and fixed incompatibility at this moment between Episcopacy with a liturgy and Unitarian sentiments? Not at all. What books have given more satisfaction to Unitarians than the sermons of Robertson, of Brighton, an Episcopal clergyman? What volume has done more service to Socinian thinking than the "Essays and Reviews" by members of the Episcopal Church of England? And what is the account English Unitarians give of their stand-still condition as a denomination? Why, that their opinions having now passed into "the Church," its position, as defined by law, enables them to be in it with a good conscience. And when Unitarians for any reason change their denomination, where do they oftenest find congenial fellowship? In Independency? If it was the last stage in their departure from the Eden of "the Church," it should be the first on their return. No, but in the Episcopal Church. And when an Orthodox bridegroom and a Socinian bride settle their church relations, is not the compromise often enough in favor of the Episcopal Church? It is no satisfaction to any true Protestant to fix attention on these things; but when men are arrogantly told by "Anglo-Catholics" that their systems are the highroad to Infidelity, it is time to examine and report.

But let us look a little back. Socinianism is not a thing of yesterday. Arius was a presbyter of Alexandria, and flourished in the early part of the fourth century. A gathering of "African bishops" condemned him at Alexandria, in A. D. 321. The Nicene Council framed the creed against his opinions in A. D. 325. But the heresy spread. Arius was recalled from banishment, and about to be reinstated when he died. The doctrine had friends in power. The Arians made and deposed bishops as they pleased, and the system flourished for three hundred years. It mastered Spain for two centuries. It filled the imperial throne of the East and of the West. It was the religion of the Goths, the Vandals, and the Alani. In fact, all the Socinians now in the world would not have been missed from the ranks of the Socinian Burgundians before the eighth century. Any man familiar with Gibbon—or, indeed, possessed of any good Encyclopædia—may see this for himself.

Now mark how the case stands. Either the primitive Church was *non-Episcopal and without a liturgy*, or from an Episcopal Church with a liturgy, and the *virus* of apostolic succession still comparatively fresh, sprung what the "Encyclopædia Britanica" calls "the most extensive and formidable heresy that ever divided the Christian Church." And yet we are told that Episcopacy is the antidote, and Presbyterianism and Independency the steps, to Socinianism. Do the men who urge this believe the Church of the fourth century to have been Presbyterian or Independent? Is it not just there that they begin to get resistless arguments for diocesan Episcopacy? An under-educated man, pitchforked into a pulpit, and in desperate extremity, might be forgiven these crudities on the ground of defective reading; but a man of education, who volunteers thus to instruct his fellow-citizens, is as disingenuous as he is arrogant.

THE FIRE BY THE SEA.

BY ALICE CARY.

THERE were seven fishers, with nets in their hands,
And they walked and talked by the sea-side sands;
Yet sweet as the sweet dew-fall
The words they spake, though they spake so low,
Across the long, dim centuries flow,
And we know them, one and all—
Aye! know them and love them all.

Seven sad men in the days of old,
And one was gentle, and one was bold,
And they walked with downward eyes;
The bold was Peter, the gentle was John,
And they all were sad, for the Lord was gone,
And they knew not if he would rise—
Knew not if the dead would rise.

The live-long night, 'till the moon went out
In the drowning waters, they beat about;
Beat slow through the fogs their way;
And the sails drooped down with wringing wet,
And no man drew but an empty net,
And now 'twas the break of the day—
The great, glad break of the day.

"Cast in your nets on the other side"—
('Twas Jesus speaking across the tide)—
And they cast, and were dragging hard;
But that disciple whom Jesus loved
Cried straightway out, for his heart was moved:
"It is our risen Lord—
Our Master, and our Lord!"

Then Simon, girding his fisher's coat,
Went over the nets and out of the boat—
Aye! first of them all was he;
Repenting sore the denial past,
He feared no longer his heart to cast
Like an anchor into the sea—
Down deep in the hungry sea.

And the others, through the mists so dim,
In a little ship came after him,
Dragging their net through the tide;
And when they had gotten close to the land
They saw a fire of coals in the sand,
And, with arms of love so wide,
Jesus, the crucified!

'Tis long, and long, and long ago
Since the rosy lights began to flow
O'er the hills of Galilee;
And with eager eyes and lifted hands
The seven fishers saw on the sands
The fire of coals by the sea—
On the wet, wild sands by the sea.

'Tis long ago, yet faith in our souls
Is kindled just by that fire of coals
That streamed o'er the mists of the sea;
Where Peter, girding his fisher's coat,
Went over the nets and out of the boat,
To answer, "Lov'st thou me?"
Thrice over, "Lov'st thou me?"

A WOMAN'S LETTERS FROM WASHINGTON.

JANUARY, 1869.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

SAID a friend to me, "There's nothing up in the Senate but a private bill; it won't pay to go in." On the whole, it did. Gen. Sherman burned up Miss Murphey's house in Decatur, Alabama; and now Miss Murphey wishes the Government to pay for it. Senator Howe, of Wisconsin, is pleading her cause with a fervor of manner which he seldom manifests in public speech. He is a tall, handsome man, with classical features, which, beneath a snow-drift of hair, look out clear, pleasant, and decidedly cool. He is not the man in the Senate whom I should expect would be sorry for my house, if it was burnt up; but he is evidently sorry for Miss Murphey. He dwells feelingly on the fact that she was a "loyal lady." I don't know Miss Murphey; but know as well as I want to that she was not loyal. That marvel of the nineteenth century has never yet been seen—a Southern woman truly loyal at heart. I know them as thoroughly as I do my A, B, Cs. I know a host of them—all loving-loyal now that they are seeking indemnity from the Government for their burned-up houses and eaten-up cows and chickens—women who, during all the war, were such deadly rebels that they would as soon have poisoned a boy-in-blue as to have looked at him. No matter how much they profess to be "Union," touch the core of their Southern hearts, and you will discover that every Southern woman who breathes in the South is a rebel. Let the men who doubt the power of women in war study the personal history of the women of the South. But Senator Howe thinks it not only "justice," but "policy," for the Government to pay Miss Sue Murphey for her house. It is a justice and a policy which, if carried to its ultimate issue, would tax the North for the next hundred years to pay the South for the loss which it brought upon itself. For a wonder, half the Senate is listening as if really interested in Miss Murphey; which is more than can be said generally, even when questions of great public interest are being discussed. Senator Howe is answered by Senator Frelinhuysen, of New Jersey, who can discover no reason whatever why special favor should be shown Miss Murphey. He too is a tall, gray-haired, fine-featured, senatorial-looking senator, with a pleasant voice and winning manner. Opposite Vice-President Wade listens Senator Williams, of Oregon—a large and rather imposing-looking man, though no one would suspect it as he sits crumpled up in his chair. His head is drawn down into his shoulders; and we see, looking forth from between straight locks, a sallow and rather stolid visage. How brilliant this face may become when illuminated from within I am unable to say. It is certainly impassive enough in repose. The next listener is Senator Edmunds, of Vermont—a tall, slim, bald-headed, Roman-nosed, heavily-bearded gentleman. He has the face of a man with a clear brain, a cold temperament, and a warm heart—for a few. He entered the Senate with some local prejudices and great personal pride as a lawyer; both of which he has sustained to the satisfaction of his friends, and to his own satisfaction, no doubt, for he holds an honorable position in the Senate.

Senator Dixon, of Connecticut, with a fine stature, has delicate, almost feminine features, full of kindness. He has the sudden, quick look and motion which indicate a brain alert, acute, and ready. But he has the temperament which is incapable of long-protracted effort. Near him sits his opposite—one of the indefatigable, the unresting—Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts. Activity is to him the law of necessity. He will surely go to Lyman Beecher's heaven, where the angels are forever busy and never tired. If he isn't righting his desk-drawer, he is writing, or reading, or rushing about. I doubt if he could listen to anybody for more than five minutes—which, by the way, is as long a space of time as the average speaker manages to keep himself interesting. Mr. Wilson has aged somewhat within a year or two; but the hair growing gray about his features softens and refines their expression. With no diminished strength, his face is deeper and gentler than it used to be; as if, in the mysterious processes of life, the springs of innermost experience had been touched. Two senators are marching up and down the Senate Chamber—Mr. Saulsbury, with his hands behind him, and Mr. Fessenden, with his hands in his pocket. Senator Saulsbury does not look as if he intended to resign, although the legislature of Delaware have given him but ten days for that purpose. He has done his utmost to destroy the result, but nature made him to be a handsome man. Tall, portly, with fine features, expressive eyes, and a mass of black curly hair, he bears with him the full insignia of personal beauty and of intellectual power. To see such a man reeking with tobacco and rum is one of the saddest comments on human frailty. Senator Fessenden's great frontal head droops as usual. It is the droop one always sees in persons whose vital functions are inadequate to the demands of an exhaustive brain. Marked as Mr. Fessenden's intellectual acumen is, one can't help thinking how much fuller and freer it would be had he the elasticity of health to buoy this massive brain into joyous activity. Now, in his presence, one feels that through defective health, rather than through a defective temperament, this great man has missed much of the glow and brightness of human life which should have been his portion. Serenely in his chair sits Senator Morgan, a man who suggests very opposite conclusions. To him has come the utmost modicum of his gifts. In dress, in figure, in face he looks the prosperous man. No malignant star has marred his destiny. He has so kind a face, I don't like to criticise it; but it is the face of a man with no power in reserve, every force is trained and in action. In the perfect equipose of these mediocre powers he has found the life-long guaranty of material success. Honest and changeless the eyes look out from under their shaggy brows. An immobile face, it is easy to see what the great artist meant who painted it. "It looks like him," said a friend of Gov. M.; "but do you think that you have quite brought the expression out?" "There is no more expression to bring out," said the artist.

Tottering on two canes, there now comes down the aisle a man whose great speeches on finance make not only Wall Street, but the Bourse of Paris and the Exchange of London, tremble. Nature endowed Senator Morton, of Indiana, with a great brain above a powerful body; and thus far both have triumphed over mortal disease. In him we see the full motive temperament, muscular, tenacious, dominant. His head is large and round rather than high, with causative faculties largely developed. He has black hair and beard and pallid complexion, with a half melancholy and wholly gentle expression of countenance.

Have you forgotten Miss Murphey? Senator Howard, of Michigan, is now reading a case on record to the discomfiture of her cause. He declares that, as the Senate last year refused to compensate Margaret Russell, of New Orleans, for one hundred and seven thousand two hundred and forty-six pounds of sugar gobbled up by our soldiers in Vicksburg, why now should it pay for Miss Murphey's house? Senator Conkling demands, Why, indeed! He begins by talking through his nose, as if it was too much trouble to open his mouth. But, as he grows more interested, he does open it. Then we understand him sufficiently to perceive that he makes some very strong points in very forcible language. This is one: "Somebody has suggested in this debate that as a matter of generosity we might do this. I do not understand any such principle as that applicable at all to the places we hold. Every man has a right to be generous with his own; every man has a right to contribute of his substance to Miss Murphey, and to every other applicant; but we sit here only as trustees administering a trust estate; and, because we feel generous, have we any right to put our hands into the public treasury and make presents?" This is a bold and clinching question, in the face of the fact that so many public men *do* make their personal presents out of the public treasury, and are generous even to their friends only on the perquisites of the Government. Roscoe Conkling is the most influential man among the younger senators. Gazing on him, no power on earth could convince me that by nature he is not haughty and overbearing; but one sees also that he has great nobleness of nature, and brings as true a devotion to his principles as he does powerful talent in their defense, which is saying much. Of a sudden the Senate takes a notion to go into executive session. Miss Murphey's fate is to me unknown.

M. C. A.

IS THE CAUSE ONWARD?

BY WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

THERE are some persons who seem to think that fidelity to the cause of the colored population of the United States consists in ignoring everything that has been gained in their behalf; in insisting that nothing for special thankfulness or jubilation has occurred worth mentioning; in representing that the present is one of gloom, and the future without promise; in holding up the various outrages that are still perpetrated upon the Southern freedmen as a true picture of their general condition; in assailing Gen. Grant and the Republican party as unreliable, heartless, guilty of criminal inaction, responsible for every act of rebel violence since the war ended; and in making light of every step onward, because it still leaves other steps to be taken to reach the desired goal—as if by a single bound all intervening space, no matter how vast or the obstacles how mountainous, might easily be covered. This state of mind indicates a querulous temper, a fondness for antagonism, a good deal of unfairness of statement, a singular disregard of the aspects of the struggle in all their relations, a disposition to be thought uncompromising by being inexcusably denunciatory. It certainly does no good, if it does not a great deal of harm, and is to be regretted in proportion to its being uncalled for. Once the abolition of slavery would in itself have been deemed, even by this class, an event to be celebrated with every demonstration of thanksgiving, and one prolonged shout of "Glory to God in the highest!" Now it is treated as of little consequence; nay, as though its celebration were cause for melancholy rather than joy, seeing that equal and exact justice is not yet done, in every respect, to the race so long wickedly "peeled, meted out, and trodden under foot." Once the supplying of the millions set free, but ragged and famishing, with garments of every description to hide their nakedness, and food to save them from starving during an unavoidably distressful transitional period, would have elicited glad and thankful expressions at such a marvelously altered state of public feeling. Now it is regarded almost contemptuously, as a very cheap manifestation of sympathy at best. Once the establishment of thousands of schools, with tens of thousands of eager scholars, among those hitherto forbidden, under terrible penalties, to learn the alphabet, would have been hailed as a movement of fundamental importance in connection with the act of emancipation. Now it is treated as scarcely deserving even an incidental recognition, though millions of dollars have been voluntarily contributed for that object. Once the bestowal of the right of suffrage, even long after personal liberty had been gained, would have been looked upon not only as proof of amazing progress, but as a full recognition of citizenship. Now, because in the exercise of that right there is a good deal of rebel violence incurred in certain sections, so that for the time being many are intimidated from going to the polls, the legal possession of the right is treated as nothing worth. There is no bright side to the picture, no appreciable improvement in condition, no promise of a good time coming! Never was there more need of a distinct anti-slavery organization than at the present time, even though it be an organization without an office, without means, without agents, without publications, and without the least perceptible influence! Who can tell what is coming? Grant may prove treacherous; the Republican party only drifts; "shadows, clouds, and darkness" rest upon the future!

I trust and believe no man has been more anxious for the immediate extinction of what slavery gave unhallowed birth to; none more vigilant in watching the signs of the times and the course of events relating to the cause of my colored countrymen, North and South; none more shocked at the insults and wrongs which, in many instances, they have endured, and to which they continue to be more or less subjected, especially where the rebel spirit holds temporary sway, than myself. But, since the martyred Lincoln issued his proclamation of emancipation to the present hour, I have seen no cause for doubt, anxiety, or fear as to the progress of impartial justice in the land. One cheering event has followed another with surprising rapidity. Every day, in some form or other, there comes an advance movement, a fresh victory for the right. Such an almost miraculous transformation for the better in popular feeling and sentiment, in so brief a period, the world has never witnessed. It is not eight years since slaves could be counted by millions in this land; now not one is left in the grasp of slave-ownership. Where are the slave auction-blocks, the slave speculators, the slave-drivers, the slave-patrols, the slave-hunters—where are the slave-whips, the slave-yokes and fetters, the slave thumb-screws and collars—that then abounded? They are all gone! From chattels to human beings, having rights that all are bound to respect—what a change! From the auction-block, to be sold to the highest bidder, to the ballot-box, to vote and to be voted for for legislative and municipal trusts—what a removal! Freedmen on the political platform, at the polls, in the jury-box, in the halls of legislation, in constitutional conventions, assisting in the reconstruction of states! Freedmen at work as independent laborers by voluntary contract! And if, here and there, they are shamefully defrauded of their earnings, such cases are exceptional: the main body are protected and remunerated to such an extent that they have already deposited millions of dollars in savings-banks for "a rainy day"! Freedmen, whose advocates and friends are no longer to be counted by hundreds, but by millions, and for the vindication of whose rights the nation itself stands pledged! Freedmen in the primary and normal schools—two hundred thousand of them able to read, and generally to write, and many of them advanced in arithmetical, literary, and historical knowledge! Complexional proscription is everywhere giving way. Iowa and Minnesota have ceased to make any distinction in the color of their voting population; and it cannot be long before every other Northern state, now committed to an exclusive policy, will be ready to follow their example. Indeed, it seems not improbable that, by an amendment of the Constitution of the United States to that effect, this very year may witness the abolition of all complexional distinction at the polls.

Now, in view of such grand results, such marvelous changes as these—and the enumeration could be greatly extended—what ground is there for despondency or doubt as to the future? Why may we not rejoice loud and long? No matter what wrongs remain to be redressed, what inequalities to be removed, why may we not be hopeful, and thank God and take courage? It is now the strongest and the most popular movement of the times. Nothing that opposes it does or can prosper. Away, then, with all croaking, all dismal forebodings, all depressing prophecies! Especially, let not the party which abolished slavery, which established the Freedmen's Bureau, which has reconstructed the South on the basis of equal rights and impartial justice, and which indicates an unswerving purpose to vindicate the complete citizenship of those into whose hands it has given the right of suffrage—let not such a party be held up to reproach, or subjected to foul suspicion, because at this hour the millennium has not been attained!

There *is* a party which, indeed, deserves to be frequently and severely reprobated: and that is the party with which all the leading rebels were connected; which has always desired Southern domination, at whatever cost to liberty and justice; which had anathemas and execrations without number for Abraham Lincoln, but none for Jefferson Davis; which has fiercely resisted every measure for the liberation, protection, enfranchisement, and education of the colored population of the South; which has stoically looked on and seen all manner of rebel atrocities committed upon loyal white Unionists, as well as upon the freedmen, without a single expression of horror on the one hand, or of sympathy on the other; and which finds its strongest support wherever ignorance, degradation, and brutality most abound. To such a party no quarter should be given; for it constantly menaces the peace, the safety, the prosperity, the free institutions of the country.

But far be it from any one professing to be animated by a just spirit to assail and denounce as recreant or untrustworthy the party which has annuled the old "covenant with death," abolished the slave system root and branch, made personal freedom universal and inalienable by a constitutional amendment, given succor to the starving, light to the blind, inspiration to the despondent, and political equality by an equitable reconstruction of the South! Its title to generous and considerate treatment is amply found, not only in the many just and noble deeds it has done, but in the deadly hostility to its very existence of the whole rebel crew, and all at the North in open or secret affiliation with them. Possibly it might have gone a little faster and done still more; but that is only supposititious, and not certainty. It has undeniably had a staggering load to carry, and that load has been the negro and his rights; nor does it show any other disposition or purpose than to carry it to the end, without faltering and with indomitable pluck. I have great confidence in its integrity, endurance, and progressive spirit; and I reserve all adverse criticism upon it until it shall have ceased to occupy a position hateful to all who despise the negro, and to all who rose up in rebellion for the establishment of an independent slaveholding empire.

A CITY LETTER.

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

TRINITY chimes rang out very sweetly on the last night of the Old Year, and for ten minutes were heard above the howling of the storm. It needed but little aid of fancy to suggest an angel-choir seeking to penetrate the bad world's discords with their divine melodies. For five minutes came sounds of lamentation from the bells—a requiem, or haply a *miserere* for the dying year; then a jubilant peal, in which mingled all joys and exultations; and that was the welcome to the New. It ceased when the New Year was just five minutes old; but to many who heard them on that stormy midnight Trinity chimes will sound pleasantly in their memories the whole year through.

"If it could only be," said I to myself, half-an-hour afterward, while pulling off my boots—"if it could only be that this ringing out the Old Year and ringing in the New might also be a ringing out of old abuses, old wrongs, old oppressions, old sorrows, and the ringing in of that new era when righteousness shall prevail, what a sweet sleep would close many eyes to-night that are now held painfully awake by the suffering and the sorrow they are forced to see!" But the time is not yet. The din of human wretchedness and the discord of human wickedness outsound the anthem whose burden is "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

What terrible glimpses we get of that great tragedy of life in which our city poor are actors, through a paragraph like this, which I find in one of the most reliable of our daily journals: "Not less than two hundred thousand persons are now within sight of our city steeples who have no work, no real homes, and no means which insure them a livelihood." I meet these workless and homeless people every day; but had little idea that they represented such a multitude—enough in themselves to constitute a large city. "Within sight of our city steeples" includes a wide and populous area, embracing the cities opposite to us across the Hudson and East Rivers, the northern half of Staten Island, and a large strip of Westchester County. Say the population of this area is sixteen hundred thousand; then, if the statement above quoted is reliable, we must believe that one-eighth of it "have no work, no real homes, and no means which insure them a livelihood." Can any city of Europe exhibit such a record of destitution as this? But for the well-known statistical accuracy of the *Tribune*—the journal above referred to—this statement would seem incredible. Still, it is only too painfully obvious that the unemployed element of our population is a very large one; and that, instead of diminishing, it increases from year to year. And this "no work" stands also for anxiety, for hunger, for cold, for utmost destitution, for suffering, for crime, for abject misery, and a nameless grave in "Potter's Field" at last. Philanthropy may well stand appalled before this aggregate of human wretchedness. We have alms-houses, asylums, homes for the destitute, hospitals, and so on—a mighty array of eleemosynary institutions, through which pity and helpfulness express themselves; but these, with all the aid that private benevolence can bestow, utterly fail to relieve even a moiety of this horrible accumulation of misery. This fact, and the added one that pauperism increases in the ratio of the public charities that are established for its relief, inevitably suggests the idea that, in the utter absence of all such institutions, there would be less suffering, in the long run, than now. But it is not in our humanity, to say nothing of our Christianity, to come in contact with suffering and feel no impulse of pity that must ultimate itself in some form of relief. For our own sakes, if not for theirs, we must help the destitute; otherwise our hearts would become utterly indurated in their selfishness. But the how of our help is a legitimate question, which will bear a great deal of discussion. Obviously, it seems to me—looking at it from this environment of wretchedness and beggary—that the only substantial aid that we can give is that which helps the poor to help themselves. Let nothing be *given* to the able-bodied pauper, however pressing his wants may be; but *sold*, to be paid for in *labor*. So our alms-houses would be converted into houses of industry; and absolute beggary, with its inevitable loss of self-respect, would gradually diminish and disappear, except as the result of helplessness. Of course, there are difficulties in the way, and their name is legion; but they are none of them insuperable. Not till we connect the idea of *compensatory work* in return for all aid given to the able-bodied shall we even approach to the solution of this fearful problem of pauperism.

But these speculations are quite aside from my purpose, which was to give a glimpse at the destitution which one sees here side by side with affluence. From our great warehouses, pletheric with the accumulated products of every quarter of the globe; from the palatial stores of our opulent merchants, in which seems actualized the old fable of Aladdin's lamp; and from their princely residences, furnished from cellar to attic with all the appliances of luxury, you have but to pass the length of a block and turn a corner, to find yourself confronted with dirt, squalor, and wretchedness. The slums of Rector and Washington streets are almost within the shadow of Trinity steeple; the hell-holes of Greenwich, Water, and Cherry streets, haunted by thieves, prostitutes, and murderers, often stand within a stone-cast of the stately edifices dedicated to commerce. The millionaire, on his way to his warehouse, sniffs the stenches from the populous cellar hard by; the banker is jostled by the beggar; and the curious sight-seer, especially if he wear the verdant look of a recent importation from the country, is beset by pocket-book droppers, leered at by cyprians, and confidentially accosted by sharpers, all in open daylight, and in streets thronged by the devotees of legitimate trade. It is not to be supposed that all who follow the vicious courses indicated are driven to them by want; but some undoubtedly are—some men, and still more women. After a hard and bitter struggle with poverty, pinched by hunger and cold, finding no avenue of escape through remunerative industry, how many of these poor, workless wretches are ready to give admission to the suggestions of the Tempter, who tells them that ease and plenty are to be found in the temples of vice, and bids them enter and live, or stay without and die! No wonder that, in a city where tens of thousands of willing hands must hang idly for want of honest work to do, so many of them lay hold of dishonest work, under the plea that "necessity knows no law." But, surely, in a world that so importunately demands workers for its renovation there is room for all. It is partly, at least, the worker's fault when the work that needs to be done and the hands that are competent to do it are kept apart from each other, as they are in the absurd overthronging of our cities by able-bodied men beyond the demand for labor.

I was always democratic enough to honor *work*; but my respect for it has been greatly increased since I became a resident of this city. It is not, simply, that it builds our stately warehouses, our beautiful churches, the spacious dwellings of the rich and the humbler ones of the poor; not merely because it supplies the manifold needs of the race, and leads it upward from barbarism to the hights of civilization; but also and more especially for its influence upon the individual man; because it makes him self-respecting, self-reliant, and is the nurse of all that is manliest and noblest in human character. Of course, in this connection, I use the term *work* in its larger and more comprehensive sense; but let me add that no labor can be so "menial," provided it contributes to the well-being of society, as to exclude it from the respect of right-thinking men. I remember the feeling of loathing with which I first looked upon the work of the *chiffoniers*, or rag-pickers of our streets. Their task was so filthy in itself, and they themselves seemed little more than animated bundles of filth; so that a little disgust might, perhaps, be excused to one who had a large practical faith in personal cleanliness. There is certainly nothing very attractive about the work or the worker. The *chiffonier*, with hooked stick, explores in the early morning the gutters, the areas, and the narrow alleys, where slops from the kitchens and sweepings from warehouses, stores, etc., are thrown, and industriously gathers up dirty and greasy rags, bits of paper, and refuse of almost every sort, no matter how filthy it may be, and, stuffing it into a bag, whose unsavory odors advertise its contents to the distance of half a block, trudges homeward with the burden about the same time that our banker assumes his. Viewed from the æsthetic standpoint, work and worker are utterly repulsive. Not so, however, when brought within the scope of a broader philosophy. Then, if not beautiful, they are seen to be at least beneficent. How much better this industry than idleness or beggary! It brings food to hungry mouths and nurture to hungry minds. It builds the sanctuary which we call home, and home is a helper of society. Something is added by it to the aggregate of a land's wealth, and to its power as well. It is a force that conserves, and destroys not. So I have outlived my unphilosophical contempt for the *chiffonier*. Nor can I urge that the men, women, and children who do this work could find more profitable employment. It is hardly probable, considering how many thousands find "*nothing* to do."

A few weeks since, the "Working-women's Association" of our city—one of the most practical and helpful of our industrial associations—appointed a committee to inquire into the condition of the rag-pickers. To the report of that committee I am indebted for the following facts: "The class numbers about twelve hundred, nearly all foreigners, and about equally divided between the sexes. They dwell mostly in two groups or colonies; one of which is located in Willett st., and the other west of the Central Park. Their receipts range from 40 cents a day to $12 a week. Many of them accumulate property, and in time become occupants and owners of farms in the Western States. They are thrifty as well as industrious, and understand the value of economy in its bearing upon the future of themselves and children. An effort will be made to get the latter into our common schools. I doubt whether any class of our unskilled laborers are, on the whole, making more steady advances in material prosperity than these despised *chiffoniers*."

When I was a boy, and my reading was mainly confined to "The Assembly's Shorter Catechism" and "Webster's Spelling Book," I learned that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." That little bit of knowledge has been emphasized to my understanding by years of observation since I attained to manhood. However it may be in the rural districts—where it is, perhaps, possible for laziness to be simply *laziness*—here laziness inevitably gravitates to wickedness. Our idler soon becomes a loafer; our loafer lapses, by easy degrees, into a haunter of groggeries; drinking, gambling, thieving are the successive steps in that *facilis descensus Averni* demonstrated by the experience of thousands who found conscience tugging at their heels at the first step, but in all subsequent ones were consciously relieved of that impediment. Men talk about "the primal curse," thereby meaning *labor*. I am afraid that they read the primal blessing backward, and so make it seem a curse. Labor is one of the good angels commissioned to lead us to a higher life. When man put his hand in her's, he took his first step upward; dropping that hand, he inevitably tends downward.

A wise humanity will tolerate nothing that dishonors labor, even though it may come in the guise of a public charity. All progress is conditioned upon work. To the poor man it may stand simply for bread; but it means more than bread to the rich.

The world is not finished yet. There's a deal of digging, and building, and polishing to be done, before its actual and its possible shall be one. He who brings work and worker together serves humanity. If in this crowded metropolis there are more hands than work, otherwheres there is more work than there are hands to do it. The lesson is obvious. When it is thoroughly learned by our philanthropists, we shall no longer have two hundred thousand workless people "within sight of our city steeples."

MASSACHUSETTS—THE NEW GOVERNOR.

BOSTON, January 9th, 1869.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

OUR new governor, William Claflin, was inaugurated to-day, amidst universal expressions of good-will and respect. The members of the legislature were nearly all in their places, to witness the ceremony and to hear the address; and the military, judicial, and other departments of the government were well represented. The people of Massachusetts by taste and tradition are rather fond of rhetoric and ceremonial. Many of our governors have been orators of more than ordinary skill. Everett, Boutwell, Clifford, Banks, Andrew, and Bullock have been rather remarkable men in this respect; while Morton, Davis, Briggs, Washburn, and Gardner have all been good speakers. Yet, when it comes to a choice between a rhetorician and a man, our people are pretty apt to select the latter. Dr. Loring, who was set aside for Mr. Claflin by the state convention, is one of the best of our speakers; and Mr. J. Q. Adams, who was the Democratic candidate for governor, though not specially an orator, any more than his father and grandfather, is very cunning at tongue-fence, and when he makes up his mind that hon

The Independent.

AMERICA'S PAST AND FUTURE.*

BY REV. GILBERT HAVEN.

"To-morrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant."—ISAIAH, LVI., 12.

How many weary years contribute to the triumph of this hour. Standing on this summit, beholding the glory that is breaking forth upon all our land, feeling the joy that pervades every breast, we can hardly fail to look back upon the steps that slowly led, through indifference, hostility, storms of war, and streams of blood, to these delectable mountains. One who hung delighted over the peaceful Paradise where Adam and Eve in their fresh-created perfection walked in a garden of calm and fragrance could not refrain from vivifying the scene by contrasting it with the previous elemental war, the darkness and confusion of chaos, creatures fierce and gross of nature that filled the mighty carbouiferous forests with their roar, the whole abhorrent, unelevating scene:

"Wrapt in impervious mists, which ever steamed
Up from its boiling oceans, without form
And void, it rolled around the sun, which cast
Strange lurid lights on the revolving mass,
But pierced not to the solid globe beneath;
Such vast eruption of internal fires
Had mingled sea and land.

Earth to its center shook, and what were seas
Unconfined were of half their waters drain'd;
And what were wild-nesses, ocean-beds;
And mountain ranges, from beneath unheaved,
Clave with their craggy peaks primeval plains,
And rose sublime above the water floods;
Floods overflowed themselves with seas of mist,
Which swathed in darkness all terrestrial things,
A world unfurnished, empty, void, and vast."

Out of this wreck of matter came the perfection of Eden and the blessedness of the holy parents of our race. As the angels beheld the darkness and destruction, how could they anticipate the coming light and life? Only the consciousness of an indwelling and overruling God of infinite right, and love, and power gave them the desired assurance. Resting calmly in that knowledge, they beheld the prevailing darkness, the baleful government of the Prince of the Power of the Air, the mighty conflict, the ever-increasing signs of the progress of the kingdom of God, the subjugation of one foe after another, of fire and fog, of savagest beast, huge amorphous, with many a scaly fold, voluminous and vast, whose presence, whether as lizard, mammoth, or winged and web-footed monsters, would have made the earth uninhabitable to man. They saw the conflict increase in fierceness as it began to consummate itself in the final victory; the death ocean of ice from pole to pole being the last, and, to other eyes than those of faith, the complete annihilation of all life positive and possible. But in faith they still looked and labored. Conspiring with their Creator, they aided in the resurrection of the earth from this sepulcher of being, and again beheld it glowing in more beautiful and more abundant life on the Paradisaic morn of the human creation and their Edenic home.

So we can note the mighty war of spirit, and even of material elements that has attended this new creation of our land and people in the truth and love of God. We can look back over centuries, and behold the beginnings of that iniquity whose overthrow this victory completes. Nay, centuries measure not its horrid life. From the first sin this principle has possessed the hearts of men; from the first sinner it has found foothold in human society. "Thou shalt rule over her" was the estate into which one-half of the race was plunged by the first transgressor. "Thou shall rule over him," the first declaration made to Cain concerning Abel, cast a large portion of the other half under the same chains. The husband held his wife as property, and beat, pelted, or sold her as his passions prompted. The father owned his children, the eldest son his brothers. In fact, the law of sin was a law of bondage. Slavery was the first-born of Satan and the fallen pair; slavery in mind, and heart, and body. It is the favorite term of Scripture to express the relation of the lost soul to its lost master.

This iniquity developed rapidly and prevailed like the flood over all the earth. Whole nations were made slaves in an hour; one mighty overthrow of its protecting army by an invading host reduced every person in the realm to property. Cities were thus changed from liberty to slavery in a moment; states were transformed in a day. All Israel went into captivity after one battle. All Egypt was reduced to vassalage by one conquering hour of Persian, Grecian, or Roman arms. India's multitudinous hosts fell time upon time beneath the victorious stroke of a foreign general. All Northern Europe became the slaves of Cæsar. "He hath brought many captives home to Rome" is the praise for him that Shakespeare naturally puts in the lips of Antony.

Whatever mitigation this law might receive through the clemency of its executors or the difficulty in its execution, it faithfully reflected in the law of society, and, as a whole, faithfully executed to through vast ages of degraded humanity. Athens in the nights of its power had twenty slaves to one free-man in its population—slaves of the same blood, speech, and nationality as their masters. Rome had an equal proportion in her own walls, and far greater in her Italian domain. The whole world was one vast plantation, where slaves toiled and suffered without recompense or hope. Only Judea, in the time of Christ, had become a free state. It stood alone among kingdoms, recognizing in its laws no property in man.

It is an answer alike to all religious progressives, and to all contemners of Jewish Christianity, that this state stood solitary in its doctrine of the liberty of all men. Why had not Grecian culture and philosophy, of which we so loudly prate, effected a like amelioration for that beautiful clime? Pericles had ruled, Phidias carved, Plato written, Demosthenes declaimed, Socrates talked, Homer sung, and the men of Marathon and Thermopylæ had fought; yet Greece was still a state of slaves. India, too, the favorite haunt of modern skepticism, where it is fancied the first rising of modern thought and faith can be clearly seen; in whose Buddha and Brahma are found the source of all religious truth—where was India in its humanitarian development when Christian Judea acknowledged every man free and equal, and was practicing that "declaration of independence" which we have yet failed to fully receive? India was the greatest slaveholding state in the world. A few of a higher caste held hundreds of millions of their kindred in chains—hold them to this day in more than adamantine fetters; for these can be broken; no power can yet dissolve, only One can ever dissolve, these bonds of caste—and that is the power of Christ crucified: to the formalist and unprogressive Jew a stumbling-block; to the haughty-minded Greek, foolishness; but to them that believe, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the Power of God and the Wisdom of God.

This liberty the nation lost by rejecting its sole Author, and on its captivity the human race was plunged again into universal slavery. Out of this deluge that overwhelmed mankind in a worse than material destruction society slowly emerged through the diffusion and energy of Christianity. The church broke these bonds. She abolished slavery in Italy and the Orient. She tamed down its horrors in Northern Europe, and swept it away in gradual centuries from every European Christian country. Had she been more faithful, her victories would have been earlier and greater; and long since she would have redeemed the world to Christ and liberty.

As it is, her work has been great and her progress steady. Rome broke the chains from the body if she bound them on the soul. Athens became Christian and free. Egypt, under her bishops and other clergy, emerged from her idolatry and her serfdom. England broke the yoke from our Saxon fathers and stopped the slave-trade between Ireland and England, that flourished even after the invasion of William and the erection of Victoria's throne. Kingsley, in his "Last of the English," describes this traffic in language not unsuited to the Charleston and Richmond of our own generation.

This emancipation was not completed till our own day; and the present Emperor of the Russias has the honor of closing the list of European sovereigns who have released from bondage European peoples. None of that branch of mankind are now held in servitude, save such as Turkey binds, or as on our own continent, in Brazil and Cuba, have their blood tinted with the hues of a fraternal race.

But, while slavery was thus dying at the bidding of Christianity—and at her bidding only—it still existed in regions unvisited by her rays, and intruded its baleful presence into lands that had been settled exclusively in her interests. Driven from Europe, it took refuge in Africa. Denied sovereignty of men of white complexion, it infamously suggested to the carnal heart that abolitionism depended on color, not on humanity: that it was wrong—of course it was, now that it could no longer be sustained—to enslave white people—Caucassians, the ruling race, the divinely-appointed head of creation; but that fact not only permits, it *requires*, the enslavement of the antipodal race. The white skin is emancipated because it is white. That logic necessitates the enslavement of the black skin. So the Devil feeds our too susceptible hearts with the satanism of caste, and sweeps the whole Christian Church—at least, in America—into bondage to this opinion. He makes us look on our brother with loathing. He makes us separate him from ourselves as an abhorred thing. He makes us exclude him from our table, our pulpit, our pew, our school, our store, our homes, our hearts. He diffuses such a murky mist of prejudice over society that we inhale its miasm as our constant atmosphere, and under its cloud work out his plans for the perpetuation of his power over us and our victims as long as he can keep us under his sinful influence. Expelled from the white class, this iniquity begs permission to invade the black and ruin it. And so a legion of evil spirits rush upon the hapless victim, and drive him headlong into the abyss of shame and agony. For three hundred and fifty years has this abomination flourished. From the first modern African slave-master, stealer, and trader, Prince Henry of Portugal, the first navigator of Western Africa and the sea-father of Vasco de Gama and Columbus, even until now has the Afric shore echoed with the screams of these victims, the ocean been incarnadined with their blood. Before America was discovered, from six to eight hundred Africans were annually imported into Portugal. The Moors were the chief traders, and their horses their chief coin. They bought ten to eighteen men for a Barbary steed.

Columbus deserved his end for his treatment of the Indians, who received him as a god, and to whom he became a demon. He stole them by the thousand, and sold them in Spanish ports. He offered to supply 4,000 annually to Ferdinand and Isabella, and estimated the revenue to the crown, from their sale, at $50,000 per annum. He was the father of all the Indian barbarities that yet curse our government, and make our line of advance to the Pacific Sea a red line of the red-man's blood. But Columbus did not introduce the negro to save the Indian; nor did Las Casas, the emancipator of the Indian, as is too frequently charged. He accepted him to his subsequent regret, but he did not introduce him. The African was brought over by the earliest traders as an item of commerce, when as yet Indian slavery was flourishing, and bishops, priests, kings, governors, and colonists alike flourished upon it. He was a captive here as soon as his American brother. He has outlived him as a slave, he may also as a freeman.

From that hour to this you see the effects of this giant iniquity. How it overrun all the India Islands, the neighboring shores north and south, crept down to Brazil and up to Mexico, crossed over to the Pacific and swept the coast from its southern to its northern belt of ice and so-called civilization; how it struck at the Christian colonies of France and England, and, whatever their diversities and hostilities of creed, compelled them alike into bondage to this crime. The Puritans, Churchmen, Papists, and Quakers, the sons of the martyrs of Holland and France, Huguenots and Synodists of Dort, the followers of Cromwell and of Charles, all creeds, classes, tongues, and tribes, plunged into this cruelty and crime. And to this day those who bear this blood in their veins are the bitterest foes in the world of the negro and of emancipation. They despise him in all the North, they hate his liberation in all the South. Of one blood are we and our rebellious brethren, in our near origin, and in our feelings toward our long-enslaved kindred, the oldest of our race from the oldest of our continents.

The controversy God has waged with us because of this sin we all know by heart, especially its last and bloodiest chanters. We know how our Constitution admitted it seemingly and in the intent of its founders this iniquity, though it also enunciated principles that made it actually unconstitutional. We all know how Washington violated these fundamental principles in signing the first fugitive slave bill; how Munroe and Congress again violated it in approving of the extension of slavery into free territory beyond the Mississippi; how the church and the state descended together to the pit of destruction, and sank so low that the church refused to listen to the testimony of one of its sisters if she had been ravished of her virtue by her owner, provided he was also a member of the same church, while separate states inflicted upon these victims every conceivable and inconceivable barbarity, and the nation forbid any one from harboring those who might escape from this den of lions, and even prohibited his *refusing to assist in their* recapture under penalty of heavy fines and imprisonment.

Thus church and state were married to and by the Devil. Thus an off-spring burst forth in all the land and in every household of bitter contempt and malice toward God's children and our own brethren; an offspring of pride and passion, and savagery; an offspring that made the minister of Christ the minister of Satan; that erected the auction-block for human souls under the shadow of Christian churches; that made our flag protect cargoes of chained citizens on the long ocean pathway from the Chesapeake to the Rio Grande; that filled thousands of pulpits with prayers and preachings, to which God responded, "My soul hateth"; that changed our hearts to stone before the beseeching cries of our own brothers and sisters; that wrought evil after evil by the arm of the state and the accursed blessing of the church, until the line forbidding slavery in millions of miles of territory was blotted out; the rights of the man of color, whatever the dimness of his tint, declared invalid before any national court; the right to prevent his introduction as a slave into any free state taken away; and slavery had become, in the language of its most eminent advocate, "the corner-stone of the Constitution."

Against this prevalence of iniquity God raised up enemies—in the church and out of it, in the nation and abroad; in the principle with which he fired our hearts, and the scourges with which he compelled our sins to chastise us, everywhere the forces of the Almighty, were aroused and organized to confront this gigantic sin. How his flag sunk and rose in the varying conflict. How their hearts failed them for fear, and inflamed them with hope, as alternate failure and success attended their efforts and their prayers. Especially did fear possess them as they saw the end of all their preliminary battles; as clear and more clear the determination of the slaveholder "to fight it out on this line" became evident, and confidence in the willingness of his foe to meet him on the bloody field failed to be developed with equal certainty. Many were the attempts made, not by the slaveocrat, but by his antagonists, to avoid this issue. We offered to extend the Missouri line to the Pacific coast. We offered to introduce an amendment into the Constitution forbidding the National Government from ever emancipating a slave. We kissed their hands and feet in fear of the threat of disunion which they constantly flourished over us. Many went yet further, and advocated the dismissal of the slaveholding section. Even some of our wisest leaders fell into this snare. Phillips and Garrison, Chase and Greeley advised this course. They did not believe the people would endure the test to which the Union would compel them. They feared slavery would subdue the North, rather than the North abolish slavery. They dreamed that, cut off from the North, the slave would soon compel his master to emancipation. But the wisdom of God is wiser than men. He allowed his enemies to most daringly defy our national principles, organization, and even existence. He strengthened his friends to meet defiance with defiance, treason with faithfulness, hatred of the country and its principles with increasing flame of devotion to every vital national idea. They sought to extirpate its love of liberty. He excited it by innumerable harangues. They denounced the Union. He fed the sacred flame of devotion to this outward and essential body of the national soul. So, when the night of staggering weakness and seeming dissolution came; when men's hearts were everywhere failing themselves with fear and with a looking for the things that were about to come upon the earth; when the head of the nation threw upon the President-elect the task to steal into his capital in disguise, and foreign observers were writing home, "The Constitution of the United States can be bought on Broadway for three cents, and that is a higher price than the people set upon it"—even then the slowly-growing opposition was solidifying itself for the coming struggle, and at the first word of command from the authoritative source sprang up in arms as cheerfully, as enthusiastically, as multitudinously as the angels leaped to the call of their Lord for the overthrow of the rebellious host and the unity and liberty of the Heavenly Kingdom.

> "The mighty hundreds, joined
> Of unles breathless, moved on
> In silence, the bright legions to the sound
> Of instrumental harmony, that breathed
> Heroic ardor, to adventurous deeds
> Under their godlike leaders, in the cause
> Of God and his Messiah."

That struggle gave birth to our coming President. He was one of those who saw and felt the full force of the conflict, at least in its material form. He measured the greatness of the war before a soldier had been summoned to arms, or a blow had been struck by the enemy. In that doleful winter of our weakness he, the humble merchant of a country town, was carefully studying the forces of the rebellion. His minister spent an evening with him at that time, and saw him as he rose up in the enthusiasm of his discourse, and stood with form dilated, filled with the vastness of his theme. When he left, he said to his wife: "Did you notice how much Mr. Grant resembled Napoleon?" Little did his guests think how complete that resemblance was, how all the world, before three years elapsed, would recognize him as the successor to this soldier in the military annals of the century.

His wife had a clearer vision. To this same gentleman, expressing on the morning of his departure hopes that her husband would return in safety, she replied, "I hope he will return major-general, or something of that sort." She was probably the only person in the country that saw this capacity or entertained these expectations. His father to this day seems to have no apprehension of him. He still says, "Ulysses accomplishes all he does through hard work," having no perception of that genius which alone makes that hard work create victory out of defeat, and a world of renown out of a chaos of ruin.

Six years ago no man was more unknown. To-day his deeds are written broadest of all our soldiers' on the pages of our history. No general before him has an equal record. He has made the fields of Monmouth, and Brandywine, and Bunker Hill, and Niagara, and Buena Vista, and Cherubusco sink into insignificance beside the names of Shiloh, and Vicksburg, and Chattanooga, and Richmond. His military power is sure.

But greater than his prowess is the cause he served. He saved the best of nations; he slew the worst of crimes. Through his gift alone was the Republic of America preserved unbroken, preserved at all. No other general appeared that seemed equal to the necessity. Sherman's gifts were not such as could put squadrons in the field, nor conduct tedious and perplexing sieges. Sheridan could send his dashing forces like storm-driven waves upon the line of his foe, scattering them like spray in the swiftness and completeness of his blows. Thomas alone revealed powers that might have won for him the chieftainship. But even he might have failed to reveal the organizing, steadfast, far-seeing, daring, and impetuous qualities that tower in the character of Grant.

Not as a soldier winning mighty victories is he to be esteemed. Not even in that far greater achievement, the preservation of an imperiled nation, is he to be chiefly renowned. Joshua is deserving of high praise for his generalship and for his successful erection of a mass of untrained men into a solid commonwealth. Yet these gifts of generalship and statesmanship are deserving of but slight commendation compared with the higher elements wrought out through his instrumentality. So our general has won his presidential honor by his deeds in the field, and may yet approve them by greater deeds in the cabinet. He has kept intact our vast boundaries, and insured their vaster expansion. He has changed the contempt of all nations into respect, and implanted a dread of our prowess and our ideas that is a sure precursor of a fast hastening change in all their states conformable to our triumphant principles. He has insured the essential unification of America over the world. Already the United States of Europe are openly advocated in congresses from all her peoples; and that more distant and dubious title, the United States of Asia, looms up mistily from the far horizon. Even the United States of Africa will be born in due time into the family of republics, while the United States of America shall encompass the whole continent in her oceanic lines. Thus from this victory over the rebellion will arise a fraternity of nations, few in number, divided by no alienation of language, government, or faith; ultimately to become one with each other, with Christ, with God.

To this consummation the man just elected to the headship of the Republic has chiefly contributed. Joshua's arm alone could batter down the walls of Ai and Gath, and Askelon. Moses, the Lincoln Liberator, must give way to the conquering warrior. Darid's military genius alone enabled Israel to complete the appointed boundaries and send its banners and its laws from the Euphrates to the Nile. So the mighty foes of this nation—mightier than ever before arose from the heart of any state for its overthrow, and failed in their undertaking—could never have been suppressed by any genius save one that instinctively grasped the whole field of deadly debate, and as instinctively discerned its path to the mastery. And an offspring that made the minister of Christ the minister of Satan; that erected the auction-block for human souls under the shadow of Christian churches; that made our flag protect cargoes of chained citizens on the long ocean pathway from the Chesapeake to the Rio Grande; that filled thousands of pulpits with prayers and preachings, to which God responded, "My soul hateth"; that changed our hearts to stone before the beseeching cries of our own brothers and sisters; that wrought evil after evil by the arm of the state and the accursed blessing of the church, until the line forbidding slavery in millions of miles of territory was blotted out; the rights of the man of color, whatever the dimness of his tint, declared invalid before any national court; the right to prevent his introduction as a slave into any free state taken away; and slavery had become, in the language of its most eminent advocate, "the corner-stone of the Constitution."

This ability may have included more than it had opportunity for exhibition. Had France succeeded in Mexico, and proceeded thence to assail the Union, his acquaintance with that territory might have been called into requisition to smite this new foe in the further South. Had England followed out the instincts of all her ruling classes, and engaged in the support of the rebellion, even to the refastening the fetters on the neck of the slave, his military genius would have re-enacted the victory of Scott on the field of Lundy's Lane and triumph like wolf on the flocks of Abraham. The controversy of Nova Scotia would have been settled by its absorption into our nationality, and the ambition of Canada been more than gratified by becoming an integer in the Continental Republic.

His administration may witness this Northern and Southern extension of our boundaries by the arts of peace, which, had France and England dared to enter our field of civil debate, would have been speedily accomplished by deeds of war.

But, while we thus linger around the services which our General and President have rendered to our nation and to all nations, and behold the pleasant visions of coming consequences of his great victories, we should be forgetful of his chief victory and its chief duty if we failed to dwell upon the grandest result of his arms. Unlike all other great generals, his military fame is indissolubly united with the emancipation of millions of slaves. Alexander drove back the Eastern powers, and put Europe for the first time where England and Russia keep her to-day, on the neck of Asia. But he gave no people their liberty. His triumphs were military alone, or at the best political. Cæsar, undoubtedly the first of warriors in the ante-Christian ages, reduced free nations to slavery, and added vast multitudes of bondmen to the already glutted man-market of Italy. To no race or man did his powers bring liberty. He even put the dagger to the Roman Republic, and was the acknowledged founder of an imperial dynasty whose name is yet boastfully assumed as their own by a ruling house of Europe, while his spirit animates the most despotic of emperors.

Of every later captain the same sad fact is true. Napoleon reduced liberated France to bondage. Wellington tied the English and European nations to aristocratic and despotic institutions. Only Washington and Cromwell made their arms deliver their peoples; and they did not break such yokes or bestow such liberty as it was given to our General to achieve. His genius was employed not to enslave, but to emancipate; not to beat back aggressive tyrannies, but to uproot them; not to release from civil bondage, but human; not to save states, but men.

This puts his name as far above his rivals as the deeds of humanity surpass those of mere ability. The inventor of a needle-gun may show as great genius as the inventor of the needle in the sewing-machine. But the latter has made his talent relieve the toil and enrich the gains of millions of the poor; while the former only increases the number of the slain in the field of battle. The mere military genius, as such, is often the least valuable gift of God to man. The poet is of more worth; the preacher a far better blessing; the inventor, and discoverer, and educator are his superior. He is but a boxer on a bigger scale. He fights with others' fists, as John Morrissey gambles with others' hands, as every master works through his subordinates. He masses force, and hurls it upon opposing force. If his force crushes its contrary, it is but the gift of a thunderbolt, an earthquake, a trip-hammer. For what is his genius exerted? That alone decides its value. Byron writes as good poetry as Cowper; perhaps better. But which serves God and his generation with his heaven-given gifts? Davis had as great fitness for statesmanship as Lincoln. Whose talents are put to divine using? It is the end they serve that makes their real value.

So Grant's genius was fortunately devoted to the highest ends. His military skill, like Stephenson's inventive talent, like Wesley's poetic, was employed by God for the best possible service. He struck down not an army, but an institution. He won not victory, but liberty. He rescued not imperiled troops, but an imprisoned race. What God might have done through others had he not arisen cannot be told; what he did do through him can never be told. Every father then in chains who walks today a freeman; who meets his joyful family around his own table; every mother who clasps her babe the closer to her breast, as she feels that no power can snatch it from her arms except He who gave it, and He who always leaves it on her heart, whether he holds it here or in heaven; every child playing in the unconscious gladness of childhood, not knowing what wonderful brightness lights up his path that never illumined his parent's childhood—these millions owe their innumerable millions of blessings under God to his military ability. Surely, never was a gift divine more divinely honored.

What means this election?

The past is past. The future is before us. No man, no nation can go back. We must advance. The London policeman's word in a thronged thoroughfare is the order of the Creator to mankind—"Move on!" What is the path on which he orders us to march? What are the principles which this election is designed by him to settle?

First, it ordains order. The primal element of all progress is peace. Crystals can only be formed in still menses. Even the fiery upruinings of the volcano make no gems until they sink in repose. Grant's election assures that condition. He has met the enemy on its last organized field. He has put to route the assassins, as he did the soldiers. The ghosts of rebel fighters, revisiting the glimpses of the moon with revolvers in their skeleton hands and murder in their fleshless hearts, will subside again into their unquiet graves. Rest, perturbed spirit of slavery and murder, rest. The man who subdued you living will subdue you dead. Those that have dared to assume these grave-clothes for the indulgence of their own diabolical malice must cease their bloodthirstiness or join their dead comrades. Through all the South shall there be as complete peace and liberty as throughout the North. "Charley," said our President-elect to one of his friends—"Charley, if I am President, every man everywhere shall be protected in the liberty of uttering his opinions."

That vow will be kept. Every rebel knows that it will. He has seen the man who says it at Fort Donelson and Shiloh, at Vicksburg and Chattanooga, in the Wilderness and at Richmond; and he knows that he always keeps his word. In his mercy he made peace, by driving out the rebel soldier; he will again, by driving out the rebel assassin. In Tennessee, and Mississippi, and Virginia he made peace, sending "the great river unvexed to the sea," sweeping away all armed hostility from Nashville round to its capital, driving the enemy's cannon from the Rapidan on to Richmond, and from Richmond into our own victorious lines. They fear his arm. They will crouch, and tremble, and obey. As the Devil and his angels fled and fell before the mighty Michael, Prince of God, so will this new revelation of the same evil spirit submit to this new revelation of the decree of the Almighty.

It is a glad dawn for our loyal brethren. The fugitive loyalist, black and white, has feared the glance of a passer-by, as if it were, as it has too often been, the glare of a murderer. He has trembled when the night-shout aroused his dwelling, lest the ghostly knock should call him from his slumbers to the sleep of death. Never were the lamentations of Jerusalem's prophet over the afflictions of his land more painfully fitted to any people. "We got our bread," must they say, "with the peril of our lives." They hunt our steps that we cannot go into our streets. "Our persecutors are swifter than the eagles of the heavens; they pursued us upon the mountains; they laid wait for us in the wilderness." Most sadly identical, also, is the cause of all the misery of Zion and the South. "For the sins of her prophets and the iniquities of her priests that have shed the blood of the just in the midst of her, they have wandered as blind men in the streets, they have polluted themselves with blood, so that men could not touch their garments. The Lord hath accomplished his fury; he hath poured his fierce anger, and it hath kindled a fire in Zion, and it hath devoured the foundations thereof." In this awful condition of promiscuous massacre the helpless ones have turned despairing eyes to a hostile President and a powerless Congress. They have made every Christian heart exclaim with the Christian poet, over like horrible barbarities inflicted by the Papal fiends on their Protestant brethren of Vaudois:

> "Avenge, oh Lord! the slaughtered saints, whose bones
> Lie scattering on the Alpine mountains cold."

On this darkness peace breaks. The cabin shall be sacred as the castle, the laborer shall toil and travel unharmed. Complexion shall not imperil life, but shall be a bond of mutual affection. The impartial Freedom shall fold all his protected in her arms, and the South shall at last accept in practice the motto of Massachusetts, as she has already adopted her principles—"*ense petit placidem, sub libertate quietem.*" Under liberty shall she enjoy calm quiet through the sword.

But, if order is heaven's first law, it is only the first. Something must be done. "Quiet to quick bosoms is a hell." Quiet is only a condition for life to work in. What is the life that is to work in this condition?

It has revealed its earliest stages. The universality of suffrage and the equality of legal and civil rights. These steps have been taken in the South in form; but they are not yet everywhere successful in spirit. They have not been yet taken in all the States in form, though they are largely successful here in spirit. In both regions form and spirit must unite. The South must everywhere cease to forbid the legitimate voter his suffrage; the North must everywhere cease to forbid its citizens from becoming legal voters. Georgia and Louisiana to-day are practically united. Both exclude law-abiding and patriotic citizens from the ballot. One does it with Colt's revolvers, the other with Colt's workmen. Ohio is as wicked as Louisiana. She has enfranchised from 100,000 majority to 15,000, because she refused to do this God-demanded duty. She will go into bondage to the enemy, unless she is delivered from this crime. Universal suffrage must be enacted and enforced by the National Government. If we make the South allow her black voters their rights, we must also, through a constitutional amendment, or by congressional enactment, make the North do equal justice. It can only be done by one of these causes. The intensity of prejudice would to-day make almost every state that voted for Grant, where this suffrage does not exist, vote against its bestowal. Missouri cast her ballot for Grant and slavery. She voted down the rights of man, and voted up the representative of these rights. She struck at her citizens while she struck for the nation. All her sisters would do likewise. Iowa and Minnesota would have no followers in this right action to-day. It must be done at Washington. The Constitution demands it. The President should urge it; Congress ordain it. Only thus can the blot which stains this jubilee-hour be wiped away. General Grant has not received all the votes that legitimately belong to him in this election. Thousands of brown hands would have gladly put his name into the ballot-box, had not this accursed prejudice forbade. They felt the insult and the ignominy all the more keenly as those same hands have pulled the trigger in the hottest of the fight, and it hath decreed the foundations thereof." In this awful condition of promiscuous massacre the helpless ones have turned despairing eyes to a hostile President and a powerless Congress. They have made every Christian heart exclaim with the Christian poet, over like horrible barbarities inflicted by the Papal fiends on their Protestant brethren of Vaudois:

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> And ten accused the 'darker hue.'"

The last five of these victims were undoubtedly blue-eyed swains, and the first of brown complexion.

By this law only will yellow-haired Germany and dark-skinned France become one. Only thus will the medieval feud between light-eyed England and dark-eyed Ireland come to an end. Let their youths follow their instincts, and the differences that now seem barriers of eternity will become magnets of eternity. Thus, too, will our dividings cease. The lightest and darkest of the children of Adam and Noah are divinely planted together in this land, that they may, by obeying this law which God has planted, work out the perfect oneness of the race of man.

Already, too, our romancers and poets, the imaginative forelyers of the advanced-footed fact, are putting this future into their fascinating tales, and all the greedy crowd of novel-readers are finding their freshest morsels flavored with this celestial truth. The stage makes an octoroon a heroine, and wins thousands to the admiration of a color on the boards which they will falsely profess to detest in the parlor. Mrs. Child, in her "Romance of the Republic," gives a vivid portraiture of the wrongs and rights of this married life and love, in conflict with the curse of caste. Anna Dickinson wakes yet bolder, and, in her "What Answer?" shows how inevitable, how beautiful is this true affection, despite, nay, including this difference of color. And the hour is not far off when the white-hued husband shall exult in the dusky beauty of his wife, and the Caucassian wife shall admire the sun-kissed countenance of her husband as deeply and as unconscious of the present ruling abhorrence as is his admiration of her lighter tint. Desdemona was as deeply fascinated by Othello's visage, as was he by Desdemona's. That hour is now coming—it already is. Not a few of these marriages which God has made, and whose legal validity man, in a few instances, has reluctantly acknowledged, are already filling homes with happiness, and both prophesying and leading the way to the future unity and blessedness of the race. The amalgamation is God's word, declaring the oneness of man, and ordaining its universal recognition. Who art thou that fightest against God?

But Gen. Grant's peace opens the way for yet further victories, if any in your minds can be further. The suffrage of woman must follow that of the African. The proudest female must march behind the lowliest negro. She is a citizen already, frequently a taxpayer, always of equal intelligence, often of superior virtue to man. She is our mother; and who believes he knows more than his mother, or is better able to understand and exercise any duty? She is our wife. Who that deserves a wife believes himself the superior of that wedded soul? She is our sister; and who does not know that when in school together she more frequently led him in her scholarship than he her? She is of the commonwealth, having equal rights with every other member. She is bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. Surely, all enforced exclusion of her from her just claims is the greatest injustice. If we pre-eminently despise the man who strikes a woman, how should we feel toward the state who thus strikes down all its women, and robs them of all power of defense from its blows?

How long shall this evil continue? Every one must labor and pray that the root of slavery shall be extirpated, and that our President at his re-election may receive the vote of every man who shall desire to express his gratitude for the liberty which he has secured to them by this cruel fetter of ingratitude and injustice.

But equality at the polls is not the only work laid upon the coming government. There must be such a disposition of its patronage, such a steadfast expression of its conviction, such an employment of its influence, as will tend to the abolition of the whole mass of prejudice that still defiles the national heart. I am aware that this evil cannot be utterly abolished by any enactments. The leprosy lies deep within. It dwells in our churches, in our souls, in our education, in society. It still makes us look at a face with repulsion which is of the very complexion of the mother of our Lord—nay, of the Lord himself. It still leads us to erect barriers between us and our kindred, and to make us and them talk of "our race" as if they and we had a different parentage, Saviour, and eternity. It must come to an end. It is coming to an end. This election is a great advance toward that end. If the Administration as faithfully adhere to its ruling idea, and put men into office everywhere without regard to color and with regard only to capacity, it will greatly prosper this great reform. Let him make Frederic Douglass a member of his cabinet, and the nation will commend and imitate his courage.

But under it, as well as through it, will the work go forward. Senators and representatives will enter Congress of the condemned hue. They have already become mayors, secretaries of state, lieutenant-governors; they hold no small influence and office in the uplifted South; they must yet more. Mississippi, with her half of a million, South Carolina, with her majority of this tint; Tennessee, where they stand between the loyal whites and annihilation; Louisiana, where they have wealth, culture, and talents in their ranks—these must cast down all bars and gates, and let the tides of human, civil, social, and Christian life flow freely among all the people. To this complexion shall we come at last.

Yet more: our feelings of aversion will change to feelings of regard. The complexion at which we now profess to revolt we shall look upon with pleasure. Vice is not the only thing that is at first hated and afterward embraced. Virtue is more frequently subject to this experience. It is very rare that a real gift of God is fallen in love with at first sight. How few behold in religion all the charms with which she is divinely invested. How many turn with disgust from her pleading, pleasing countenance. How few are instinctively drawn to temperance, to study, to work. The world beholds in vice everything charming, in virtue everything repulsive. But acquaintance changes this experience, and we cling to the good we at first disdained. Nay, we usually are the more fond in proportion as we were hostile. It is the law of our nature that we choose that which we say we will never have. If you hear a person declaring that he will never be a Methodist, be sure that he will yet be of the most earnest type of that religion. If he says, "I will be anything sooner than a Congregationalist," you may mark him as foreordained to be a sober deacon of that orthodox church. When the young lady says, "I'll marry anybody but Mr. Simperton," she will soon be found casting her most languishing meshes around that just despised youth. When pompous young Jones says, "I hate the very looks and even name of Miss Marigold," be you certain he will ere long say to her, "Your face is angelic, your name is sweeter than the lutes of paradise. I can only live in the light of your affection." So shall we treat our brethren of color. We shall "see Helen's beauty in the brow of Egypt." We shall say, "What a rich complexion is that brown skin." "It is Italian, Greek, Oriental, perfect. How far it excels our cheaply hue." We already paint our houses after their color. Our girls crinkle their hair after the natural curliness of their sisters' locks. This is one of God's modes of curing us of color-blindness. We shall see, as Mrs. Kemble says, that there are qualities in the human skin superior to a pink and white tint, and that in velvety softness, in fineness of fiber, in richness of tone this despised flesh surpasses our own.*

We shall be attracted to this hue because it is one of God's creatures, and a beautiful one too; because it is the favorite hue of the human race; because, chiefly, we have most wickedly loathed and scorned it. He will have his revenge, and will yet compel us to discern the loveliness of this most abhorred virtue, and to become enamored of it. The song of songs may have a more literal fulfillment than it has ever confessedly had in America; and the illegal but divinely implanted admiration of Southern Christians for black but comely maidens be the proudly acknowledged and honorably gratified life of Northern and Southern gentlemen.

But this law rests on no mere quip of the fancy, nor is it a rebound of a vehement passion, as wrongfully right as it has been wrongfully wrong. It is the grand undertone of all marriage. It is the Creator's mode of compelling the race to overleap the narrow boundaries of families and tribes, into which blood, so called, invariably degenerates.

> "Not like with like, but like with difference"

is the law of marriage. The light complexioned turns to the dark, and the dark to the light, as day to night and night to day. The tall seek the short and the short the tall; the small the large, and the large the small. Opposite temperaments also thus incline to each other. Bishop Morris says that he can select husbands and their wives in a large company by this law of like and difference. Contrast whets appetite. Dr. Holmes's ten lovers dangling in the silken noose on the fatal trap of Cupid, being asked the color of the eyes that caused their ruin:

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Our Young Folks.

MAGGIE'S PICTURES.

BEHAVE a little studio,
Said pretty Maggie Blair;
It's way up in my attic room,
And full of pictures rare.

Twelve lovely gems I'll show to you,
By a master-painter's hand;
No w... of art more perfect may
Be f...nd in all the land.

There's beauty in each varied form,
There's grace in every line,
There's grandeur, loveliness, and power,
And yet they all are mine.

They call me poor, and dare to say
I have but little joy;
They do not dream I've wealth enough
An artist to employ.

He paints each day a picture new,
And wonderfully bright,
Of forests glittering with dew,
And mountains capped with light;

Of silver streams that gently flow
Along their pebbly beds;
Of slender rushes bending low,
And flowers with drooping heads.

He sketches clouds of many a form,
Fringed with a brilliant hue;
And castles old, and arches, where
Bright waters tumble through.

'Tis true, said Maggie, I am poor,
But my treasures are not lost;
I'm happy in my studio
With my artist, good Jack Frost.

H. K. P.

THE PINK CUPS AND SAUCERS.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

IT was a warm day in Spring, and little May and her mamma were out of doors. Mamma on the door-steps, with her sewing, and May very busy under the lilac-bush, making a garden. It was an easy garden to make: the spade was an iron spoon, the ground soft and nice to dig in, and the flowers, sprigs of syringa, and Japan quince, and flowering currant—first a yellow, then a white, then a red one. They looked very gay, and it was *so* nice, May thought, not to have any stupid waiting for seeds to come up, and grow, and blossom; but, instead, to see the flowers right away. To be sure, the old plan was better for one reason—the plants did not fade so soon; but as all looked fresh and prosperous so far, and plenty more flowers were to be had for the picking, she decided that, on the whole, this sort of gardening was much better fun.

James, the hired man, was spading a bed, not far away; and May kept up a constant chatter, first with him and then with mamma. The sky was so blue, and it was so delicious to have the cold gone, and the lovely warm days begun again, that she was too happy to be quiet a moment, and her little tongue ran almost of itself.

"Oh, James!" she cried out, all at once. "Here is a great hard thing in my garden; and it's so far down that I can't dig it up. It's a stone, I know—an ugly, hard stone; and it'll kill all the roots of my plants." (May's plants had no roots, but she liked to play that they had.) Please come and get it out with your spade."

So James, who was very good-natured, came at once, and in a minute had turned up a big spadeful of earth, with the hard thing she complained of in the middle of it. But it was not a stone, for all that; and what do you think it was? You might guess ten times and never get it right. It was a doll's tea-pot of pink china, with a piece of the nose broken off and only half a handle! That was a queer thing to dig out of a flower-bed; was it not?

May could hardly believe her eyes—even when James wiped the dirt off with his coat-sleeve and put it into her hand. She carried it to mamma, with quite a sober face; and I *think* she was trying to make out to herself that pink china was a sort of vegetable, and that by careful digging she might find the rest of the set hidden away in the earth.

"Oh, mamma! See this queer little thing," she said. "Isn't it cunning? It grew in my garden."

Mamma took it in her hand. At first she laughed; then she grew a little grave, and she looked at it with a sort of sweet, tender look, as if she was thinking of something quite different and a great way off. At last she stooped and kissed May, and said:

"I think I know a story about this little tea-pot. Wouldn't you like to sit in my lap a while, and get rested after your digging, and let me tell it to you?"

Of course, May would; she liked stories of all things, and mamma's stories best of all. So up she climbed, and when she was snugly seated mamma began:

"Once upon a time there was a little girl, and she lived in this house where we live now"——

"What was her name?" said May.

"Her name was Mary, but they called her May."

"Why, mamma!" cried Mary, "how curious! My name is Mary, and they call me May. Isn't that very funny, mamma?"

"Do you think so, pet? Well, they called her May. And once, when she was five years old, her uncle gave her a birthday present—a box of pink china cups and saucers for her doll."

"Why, that is curiouser yet!" cried May. I'm five years old, too! I wish somebody would give 'em to me. Were the cups and saucers anything like this tea-pot, mamma?"

"Yes, May, exactly like—in fact, this is the very tea-pot which belonged to the set. There were ever so many pieces—cream-pitcher, sugar-bowl, and slop-basin, twelve cups and saucers, and twelve plates, and a sweetmeat-dish, besides a basket for bread and a tall vase for the middle of the table, big enough to hold three blue violets at a time, or two lilies of the valley, or a rosebud and leaf, if they were very small. It was a beautiful set; and little May thought so, I assure you."

"I should think she would" said May, "or she'd be a funny little girl."

"Well, dear, the other little May played every day with her tea-set. She had parties, and asked her friend's dollies to drink tea with her dolly; and it was great fun to see them all sit round the table in their chairs, with cups and plates before them, and white tea in the cups, and little tiny sandwiches on the plates. The jointed dolls managed very well; but those with stiff legs had to sit ever so far off from the table, and have the mouthfuls cut up and brought to them. All the dollies used to talk a great deal while they ate—just like real ladies; and they were made to wipe their mouths with napkins, and behave in the most genteel manner. The little girls all said there never was such a pretty tea-set; and May liked it better than any plaything she had.

"The birthday came in the Winter, soon after Christmas; so in-door games were just what they wanted. But by and by Spring began; and it was about this time of the year that one day May saw the gardener digging a great round bed in the grass-plot. It was that very bed where you have been making your garden, only there was no lilac-bush there.

"'What is that great big hole for?' she asked the man.

"'I'm going to plant these flower-seeds there, Miss,' he answered.

"'Those brown things?' said May. 'Pahaw! they're not a bit pretty.'

"'But they will be by and by,' the gardener told her. 'Each little seed will make over so many sweet flowers, and in the Summer you will like to come and pick them.'

"May had never seen any seeds before; but the idea of their turning out so beautiful was very queer and interesting, and all at once a bright idea came into her silly little head. 'If those little bits of brown things can grow into so many big things under the ground, she thought, *of course* my tea-set could do the same; and perhaps it would come up a dozen tea-sets, and then I could give Addie one, and Fanny, and Bessie. How surprised they would be! And mamma, too—how she will laugh when they begin to peep out of the earth. I wonder if the handles will be the first to show, or the spouts? Oh, what fun!' And so, without saying a word to anybody, off she flew to the nursery, while the gardener was away at his dinner; and before he came back the cups and saucers, tea-pot, milk-jug, and all were safely planted in the very middle of the flower-bed.

"Next day was rainy, so she could not go into the garden; but the day after the sun shone again, and out she ran. A great surprise awaited her when she got there. There were no little labels stuck in the ground to mark the planting; but, instead, in the middle of the bed, she saw a great bush.

"'Oh, Patrick! What's this ugly bush here for?' she cried.

"'It's a lilac, Miss. The master changed his mind about the seeds, and had this put in instead.'

"Poor May! She stood a moment, her eyes filling with tears, and a choking feeling in her throat; and then flew into the house, to mamma's room, and, throwing herself into her lap, began to cry as if her heart was broken.

"'My dear child, what *is* the matter?' said mamma.

"'There's a great big bush on top of my tea-set,' sobbed May. 'And now it will never come up, never; it can't.'"

"Wasn't her mamma 'stonished?" said May.

"She was; and first she couldn't make out what in the world was the matter. When at last she understood, she felt sorry for her silly little girl, and went out with a trowel, and dug ever so long to find the lost treasures. But only two little cups and one saucer ever came to light; the rest had been buried deep in the planting of the great bush."

"And now I've got one of 'em," cried May, joyously.

"Yes, darling, you have. It is just twenty-five years since that little pink tea-pot was planted in the ground."

"Mamma, how did you find it all out?" said May. "Did the little girl tell you about it herself?"

Mamma laughed a curious little laugh.

"Oh! now I guess," said May, her eyes growing round. "Your name's Mary, and grandma used to call you May, and that's the reason I'm called so. Isn't that the truth, mamma? And didn't you bury the cups and saucers yourself, when you was a little girl?"

Mamma gave May another kiss. "Yes, dear, you have found it out. Mamma was that silly little thing herself once. And when she cried so over her lost tea-pot, she little thought that one day her own little May would dig it up, and sit on her lap afterward to hear the story.

"And now, darling, if you want to finish your garden, you must hurry back to work again; for soon the dew will be falling, and we shall have to go in."

Sabbath-schools.

DR. THOMAS'S Baptist church in San Francisco has one Chinese Sabbath-school class. May it send off numerous branches!

—Peoria claims to be the banner county of Illinois, having 167 Sunday-schools and more children in attendance upon them than are in the day-schools.

—The fifth anniversary of the Sunday-school of the Puritan Congregational church, Brooklyn, Rev. C. H. Everest pastor, was held last Sabbath evening. Addresses were delivered by the pastor, by William Oland Bourne, and Rev. G. E. Thrall. The school numbered 77 in January, 1865; now it numbers 374, of whom 83 are officers and teachers. The church has also grown rapidly, and ground for a new edifice has been recently broken.

—The new lord chancellor of England, Lord Hatherley, an excellent lawyer, and a solid, thoroughly sensible, though not brilliant man, has been for 30 years a Sabbath-school teacher, instructing the children and grandchildren of workingmen, till his hair is whitened with years. The Leeds *Mercury* says: "In his attendance at the school his punctuality is so unerring that upon nearing it he serves as an invariable timepiece, both teacher and scholar knowing well that, if they are able to reach the door with or before him they are perfectly safe. Should a medal even be awarded for punctuality in voluntary service, the lord chancellor could fairly claim it; for he has never been known to be behind time."

—The friends of Sunday-schools in Wisconsin have lately been very active. Conventions or institutes have been held lately in Waupaca, Waukesha, Burlington, Grand Rapids, Watertown, Horicon, Sheboygan Falls, Hartford, Brodhead, Hartland, Evansville, and a dozen other places. The *S.-S. Times* announces institutes in West Salem, Jan. 19th and 20th; Sparta, 21st and 22d; Manston, 26th and 27th; Columbus, 28th and 29th. In February, institutes are to be held at Bloomington, Prairie du Chien, Boscobel, Prairie du Sac, Richland City, Milton, Viroqua, and other places. More than twenty other counties and towns have expressed a desire to have similar meetings. In this work are engaged such earnest men as Messrs. Rice and Foote, of the American Sunday-school Union; Mr. Wheeler and Deacon Byron, of the State Convention; Dr. D. W. Perkins, Prof. Allen, of Platteville; Joseph Hamilton, of Milwaukee; Rev. Dr. Hodge, of Janesville; Messrs. Lindsley, of Green Bay, Miner, of Monroe, and Byron Kingsbury, of Ripon.

—We have received a letter from Mr. Wm. S. Reynolds, chairman of the executive committee of the Illinois Sunday-school Convention, which utterly denies the charge made by some of the agents of the American Sunday-school Union that they have been denied the privileges of its sessions. He writes to us:

"The Illinois Sabbath-school Convention cordially invites all friends of the Sabbath-school cause to meet in its conventions and unite in its work; but positively refuses to allow any denomination, association, or union to *run the convention in its particular interest*. As to the statement that the missionaries of the American Sunday-school Union "have been positively and privately forbidden by some of the officers of the convention in Illinois to take any part," I have no doubt it is a falsehood. No such instance has been known or reported to the officers of the state convention. The missionaries of the American Sunday-school Union have been and are now allowed to participate in our state and county conventions *on an equal footing with other Sabbath-school workers.*"

This letter pretty effectually disposes of the charge. We are confident that no Sunday-school Union agent has ever been repelled from the State Association. The whole thing is without grounds, except that the State Association will not allow any denomination or union to make official reports, to it and thus reduce it to an auxiliary position. In 1867 Rev. Stephen Paxson addressed the convention, narrating his experience as a missionary of A. S. S. U. He spoke by invitation of the chief executive committee. In 1868 Rev. B. W. Chidlaw, of Ohio, spoke several times. He is a missionary of the A. S. S. U., and *the invited guest of the executive committee.* They paid his traveling expenses. The State Association has never intended to *drive out* the Sunday-school Union, or any other good agency; but to stimulate and assist all. The secretary of the Union voluntarily declared to a member of the committee that he intended to withdraw his agents, in view of the vigorous work of the convention. We have the most hearty confidence in the managers of the Illinois convention; and such men as Moody, Reynolds, Eggleston, Alex. Tyng have shown the country what are the possibilities of Sabbath-school development. The number of schools organized the past year in Illinois under their direction may not reach 1,500, but by the best estimation approaches that figure. Thus in one county the number has increased from 30 to 99; in another, from 2 to 50; and so on.

Art and Artists.

THE adjourned meeting of artists for the purpose of projecting some measure to secure the right of property in their own inventions to painters, sculptors, etc., took place at Mr. Macdonald's studio, on Saturday, when a report was presented and adopted recommending a petition to Congress for the passage of a law to be entitled "an act to promote the progress of the fine arts." The specific provisions of the proposed law are for the registry of all kinds of works of art, and to prohibit any one from imitating, using, or copying them without the consent of their authors or owners. The benefits of such a law are so necessary and so palpable that it is not conceivable that any opposition could be made to it in Congress, unless some Western member should object to it for the same reason that General Logan, of Illinois, objected to Mr. Jencken's Civil Service bill—viz., on the score of its aristocratic tendency. And it would certainly have that effect, inasmuch as it would certainly give greater dignity to the calling of an artist, by securing to his own use the fruits of his own labor. But, to render the law truly serviceable, not only to the artists but to the best interests of the country, it should apply to all artists of all countries whatever. If it is a crime to rob our own artists by copying their productions, it is surely no less a crime to rob the artists of other countries. Let us extend to foreign artists on our own soil precisely the same protection that we give to our own. Until this measure of protection shall be given to American art, it will be a long while before we can successfully cope with European artists.

Landscape painting appears to be falling into contempt in England, which may be only a natural reaction from the exalted position which landscape painters have been forced into by the extravagant praises bestowed upon Turner during the past twenty-five years. It is said that landscapes have hardly a chance of being admitted into the exhibitions of the Royal Academy. It is unquestionable that landscapes on this side of the Atlantic do not receive the same attention which they did a few years ago. The exhibitions of pictures of the French and German schools have taught us the superiority of figure pieces to views of natural scenery.

There is a natural affinity in art, as in social associations. Banal presidents loved to sit to Elliott for their portraits. Poets, philanthropists, heroes, and philosophers evince a decided preference for Page; he has painted Lowell, Garrison, Farragut, and the Quinceys, and he is now painting Wendell Phillips and Henry Ward Beecher. Mr. Carpenter draws to his studio another class of marked Americans. He painted Lincoln, as all the world knows; and he is now engaged on portraits of Barnum and Greeley.

A picture of "Maud Muller," by Whittaker, has been on exhibition the past week or two at Morris's gallery in Brooklyn. But it only gives another evidence of the inadequacy of the pencil to render more vivid the ideal forms of the poet. Mr. Whittaker's "Maud Muller" is very inferior to Whittier's lovely creation; while the landscape accessories of the figure exhibit a surprising lack of observation in drawing the common objects of rural life.

Music.

OLE BULL returned to New York last week, and had a genuine hearty welcome at Steinway Hall, on the evenings of the 4th and 6th. His popularity surpasses, we think, that of any other instrumental performer who ever came among us. Custom seems to take away nothing from the delight with which thousands of every class—professional musicians, connoisseurs, and the untrained public—hang upon every note of his magic violin. He seems to have exhausted the sentimental resources of the most feeling of instruments, and his playing is so thoroughly enjoyed because it is not only technically superb, but natural and heartfelt. He was better supported at these concerts than he was last winter. The vocalists, Miss Barton, mezzo-soprano, and Mr. G. F. Hall, baritone, are both good. Mr. James H. Wilson, an American pianist, who has just returned from a course of study in Leipsic, played on a piano which embodies certain inventions of Otto Dulk's own. Its tone is not pleasing, and Mr. Wilson had not a fair chance to show his powers. His style is correct, but we should think rather cold. There was an excellent orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Carl Bergmann.

Steinway Hall was densely crowded on the evening of the 8th, the occasion being the first appearance of Madame Parepa-Rosa since her long journey to California and back again across the continent. She sang a scena and prayer from *Der Freischutz*, and several favorite ballads; singing them all, of course, incomparably, and winning round after round of applause. We do well to make the most of this suberb vocalist, for she has few equals in the world. Mr. Levy, the famous cornet-player, who was here with Madam Parepa, when first she came to America, three years or more ago, also made his reappearance on Friday evening, and was warmly greeted. He is a marvelous performer on an instrument which has not generally been thought worthy of the highest cultivation, but which in his hands develops brilliancy and sweetness. Mr. Carl Rosa played two or three violin solos, with his usual good taste, accuracy, and expression; Mr. Brookhouse Bowler contributed an air from Costa's oratorio of "Eli" and other tenor pieces; and Signor Ferranti sang several buffo songs.

The orchestral compositions produced at the second Philharmonic concert, on Saturday evening, were Haydn's Symphony in B flat, Catel's Overture to "Semiramis," and Liszt's *Poème Symphonique*, illustrative of Victor Hugo's raphsodical poem, "*Ce qu'on entend sur la montagne.*" The Haydn Symphony is a delightful, joyous, and thoroughly intelligible work, careful in its construction and flowing in melody. Catel's Overture *is* more remarkable for its fine scientific treatment and broad harmonic effects than for melody or imagination. It is a good study for the musician; but was not apparently very interesting to the audience, being received almost in silence, although, like the Symphony, it was admirably played. It has never been heard in America before, except at Theodore Thomas's last symphony soirée. The Liszt composition combines more of the extravagances with fewer of the merits of the eccentric abbe than any other of his works with which we are acquainted. It closes, however, with a beautiful prayer, the only bit of melody in the whole Symphony. The solo performers at this concert were Madame Camilla Urso, who played the first movement from Beethoven's violin concerto, and, on being recalled, an *Elegie* of Ernst's, both exquisitely; and Mr. S. B. Mills, who did justice to Beethoven's piano concerto in E flat. The audience was uncomfortably large—one of the largest, in fact, that the Academy of Music has ever contained.

Education.

SIXTEEN ladies are studying theology at Oberlin.

—The trustees of the Robinson Academy for Girls, at Exeter, N. H., have realized about $250,000 from a bequest. The donor was a Northern man, a bachelor, who had lived long at the South and was engaged in the rebellion.

—The library of Princeton College has received a valuable acquisition in the presentation of the library of the late John M. Krebs, D.D., of this city, and also of a unique collection of pamphlets on the Unitarian controversy, made by Dr. Wm. B. Sprague, of Albany.

—Robert College, at Constantinople, is a decided success. It has a fund of $100,000; but it has an income from tuition fees sufficient to defray its expenses, although $2,500 of these fees were remitted. The first graduating class consisted of two students. Their orations were delivered in three languages—Armenian, Bulgarian, and English—and were prepared also in French and Turkish, and their diplomas were written in four languages. Both remain in the college as tutors, and one is to study theology with a view to missionary service.

—The tendency of civilization is evidently toward lessening the number of hours of study for children. An English paper says: "In Germany an experiment is being made upon lads at school, with the object of discovering whether more study cannot be got out of and more learning driven into them by keeping them hard at it, as a boy would say, in the morning, and allowing them to devote the whole afternoon to play." The fact is that four hours of good hard study in the morning is as much as should be required of any child under fourteen years of age, girls especially.

—The convention of colored men lately held at Pittsburgh adopted a memorial to the legislature of Pennsylvania, in which it is stated that the colored schools are inferior in every respect to those provided for white children. The following passage from the memorial may be quoted: "We only ask that colored children be admitted with white children impartially into the common school privileges of the state, and, in every instance where they are forced to be educated in separate schools, that such schools be as excellent as those provided for other children, and that they be at least respectable." Let us hope that the Republican legislature of Pennsylvania will see the reasonableness of this request, and comply with it without delay.

Temperance.

A MASSACHUSETTS physiologist asserts that there are no fine singers who use tobacco. It is proved in the dissecting room; he claims that tobacco injures the voice.

—Says Josh Billings: "Most enny man will conceed that it loox very foolish to see a boy drag a heavy slay up a steep hill for the flestin pleshur of ridin down again; but it appears to me that that boy is a sage by the side of that young man hoo works hard all the week, and drinks his stamps up Saturda nite."

—An intoxicated man recently lay down on the railroad track near the Covington, Ky., depot, and fell asleep. A little dog, belonging to a house close by, seeing a train approach, ran and jumped upon his face, and barked and scratched him until he awoke, just in time to get out of the way of the cars. The man, believing this to be a divine warning to abstain from drinking, took the pledge forthwith.

—A new temperance ball has been opened in this city, on the lower floor of the building corner of Eighth avenue and Eighteenth street, under the auspices of thirteen divisions, comprising the western district of the Sons of Temperance of this city. The room is a very commodious one, being about 100 feet deep by 29 feet wide and furnishing seating-room for nearly 500 persons. It has been very neatly decorated, and bears an exceedingly cheerful and comfortable aspect.

—A clergyman says of Mr. Trask's anti-tobacco and temperance tracts: "Unique productions. Like their author, 'rough and ready'; but genial as the sun, while they are keen as a briar. They are not so captivating to supreme tastes as the productions of our rich tract societies, which pass under the supervision of committees and are rounded and polished by their cautious touches. The author 'fights on his own hook,' in his own style. He likes modern gunnery. In battling the sins of the times, he uses the rough bore and the Minnie ball; hence his shot strikes and riddles all before it."

—The Bishop of Mayence once delivered a sermon against drunkenness; and, after painting in the strongest colors the evils of over-indulgence, concluded as follows: "But the abuse of wine does not exclude its use, for it is written that wine rejoices the heart of man. Probably there is no one in my congregation who cannot drink four bottles of wine without feeling any disturbance of his senses; but, if any man at the seventh or eighth bottle so forgets himself as to abuse and strike his wife and children, and treat his best friends as enemies, let him look into his conscience, and in future always stop at the sixth bottle. Yet, if after drinking eight, or even ten, or twelve bottles, he can still take his Christian neighbor lovingly by the hand, and obey the orders of his spiritual and temporal superiors, let him thankfully drink his modest draught. He must be careful, however, as to taking any more, for it is seldom that Providence gives any one the special grace to drink sixteen bottles at a sitting, as it has enabled me, its unworthy servant, to do, without either neglecting my duties or losing my temper." It seems incredible at this day that a bishop could ever have written such stuff as this.

—Rev. George Trask, the anti-tobacco apostle, writes: "The donors of pipes and cigars to Gen. Grant should understand how cheap they make themselves in the estimation of the great man. That the General is a devotee to the Lethean charms of a cigar is, of course, indisputable. That he derives no rational complacency or manly satisfaction from the habit is alike indisputable. We have been misinformed, if President Lincoln, who abhorred tobacco, did not, again and again, beseech the General to renounce the habit; and if the General did not as often give some assurance that he would as soon as the exigences of war would allow. In March, 1865, certain Philadelphia gentlemen, whose names I will not mention, waited upon the General in front of Petersburg, and in a style excessively polite presented him with a costly meerschaum. The reply of the General was characteristic: 'Gentlemen, it is true I smoke; but it is a bad habit, and I purpose to drop it. You have presented me with this pipe. I can do no less than thank you for it.' An imbecile cannot give up tobacco. Gen. Grant can. We hope to see the day when he will conquer a despotic habit, no more invincible than Richmond."

Scientific.

—Dr. Jules Haast has lately been exploring a swamp in New Zealand for the fossil bones of the *dinornis*, the gigantic bird which not very long ago became extinct there. The largest entire skeleton is over ten feet high, and single bones have been found which indicates an even greater size.

—The *Medical and Surgical Reporter*, the best authority in its department in this country, endorses the opinion of a German medical magazine, that Madeira is among the best places for patients suffering from lung diseases. The climate is remarkably equable, sunny days are frequent, and there is agreeable scenery.

—We remember no more remarkable example of the exactitude of engineering science than the fact that the borings for the Mount Cenis Tunnel, begun at the two ends and at a distance of seven miles and a half from each other, were yet so accurately directed that when the work was completed the greatest deviation was found to be a single foot.

—M. Milliat, in France, introduces into the stomach glass tubes of small caliber, connected with a strong battery, and containing the electrodes necessary for producing a brilliant galvanic light. Tumors or ulcers in the abdomen can thus be observed through the skin, and the interior lit up as when the feeble light of a candle renders the finger translucent.

—The *Trappers' Guide* says that muskrats, otters, mink, and beavers can travel almost any distance under the ice without coming to the air, by occasionally breathing out the air from their lungs, and waiting for it to absorb oxygen, when they take it in again. The trapper sometimes starts a family of muskrats from their houses, and sees them swim away under the thin ice. Following one of them for some distance, he sees him come up to renew his breath in the manner above described. After the animal has breathed against the ice, and before he has time to take his bubble in again, the hunter strikes with his hatchet directly over him and drives him away from his breath. In this case he drowns in swimming a few rods, and the hunter, cutting a hole in the ice, takes him out.

—The profits arising from the culture of salmon on the River Tay, in England, are really surprising. In a recent meeting of the New York Lyceum of Natural History, Capt. Gillman submitted the following result from three ponds belonging to one party: From pond No. 3 there were 7,000 fish, one pound each; which, being sold at fifty cents per pound, gave $3,505. In the second pond were 3,000 yearlings, which sold at ten cents, equal to $300; and in the first pond were a similar number three or four months old, worth five cents per pound, and equal to $150. The ova, at $8 per thousand, cost $400, and left a profit, after deducting all expenses, of $3,343 40. The speaker then alluded to the great advantage which the people of this country possessed in having so many facilities to cultivate so profitable a trade.

—Agassiz insists on the inferiority and degradation of the mixed races of Brazil as a prime proof that the human races are specifically distinct. He must have made very hasty generalizations, if we may judge from the statements of other authors thoroughly acquainted with the subject. Don Ramon Paez, a native of Venezuela and son of President Paez, while admitting the mental and moral inferiority of the mongrel races of South America, says that they are "endowed with a physique admirably adapted to endure the fatigues of a life beset with dangers and hardships." He quotes from Mons. de Lavayesse, who says in his interesting work on Venezuela: "Why is it that individuals proceeding from a mixture of African and indigenous American blood [Zambos] have greater strength, finer forms, more intellectual faculties and moral energy than the negro or Indian? Why, although the white be, in general, superior in strength of body, mental powers, and in moral force to the aboriginal American and to the negro—why, I ask, are the individuals born of the union of a white with an Indian woman (the Mestizos, for instance) inferior in mental and moral qualities to the Zambos? Why are the Mestizos generally distinguished by finer figures, agreeable countenances, and in the mildness and docility of their dispositions? Why is the mulatto, son of a white and a negress, superior to the Zambo in intellectual faculties, and I was just blamed fool enough to keep but this inferior in physical? Why is it that when these races are mixed their progeny is remarkable for a more healthy and vigorous constitution, and for more vital energy than the individuals born in the same climate of indigenous European or African blood, without mixture?"

Foreign Gleanings.

PROFESSOR HENRY MORLEY, of London, is editing a new edition, in one volume, of the *Spectator*—Addison and Steele's *Spectator*.

—Mark Lemon, the editor of *Punch*, intends shortly to visit the United States and read, or act, the part of Falstaff. Mark Lemon is a capital amateur actor.

—Mr. Gladstone, the English prime minister, is announced as about to contribute a series of papers on "The Duties and Politics of a Free State" to *Good Words* during the current year.

—It is stated that more than one-third of all the births that took place in Paris last year were illegitimate. Even this, however, would hardly bring Paris to an equality with Vienna in regard to illegitimacy.

—Prince Napoleon has gone to pay a visit to George Sand, the famous novelist, at her country-house. The prince is to stand godfather to her newly-born grandchild, son of Maurice Sand, who was secretary to Prince Napoleon when the latter traveled in the United States.

—The son of the late King Theodore, of Abyssinia, is now living at Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, near the residence of Alfred Tennyson. The young Abyssinian prince is under the tutelage of Capt. Speedy, who brought him from his native country and to whom he is much attached.

—Liberalism in Prussia has lately sustained a severe loss by the death of one of its oldest champions—Dr. Lette—who fought in the war of Prussian independence in 1813, and was a member of the Frankfort Parliament in 1848. Dr. Lette was always prominent in the cause of education and free-trade.

—Mr. Stuart Mill has written a long letter in French to M. Esquiros, of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, explaining the reasons which led to the election of a Tory in the Westminster contest. The letter is published in the *Revue*. Mr. Mill attributes his defeat principally to the superior organization of his opponents and the money they spent.

—Mr. Disraeli, while in office, had wonderful good fortune in the way of patronage. During the short period of the Derby-Disraeli administrations, little more than two years, there were no less than twenty-seven appointments made to the judicial bench of the three kingdoms. These included two lord chancellorships in England and two in Ireland.

—M. de Lesseps, the founder and president of the Isthmus of Suez Canal Company, has been invited by some of the citizens of Marseilles to become a candidate for the representation of the city in the Corps Legislatif—the death of M. Berryer having created a vacancy. M. de Lesseps has, however, declined the nomination, on the ground that he could not now withdraw his attention from the great scheme which he has carried so far toward completion.

—The peculiar construction of the Chinese language, by which a dozen different meanings may be expressed by so many different inflexions of a sentence in one word, often throws the foreign missionaries in China into bewildering complications. An American missionary lately asked for a hammer, and had a shuttlecock brought to him. Another, demanding a beefsteak, was supplied with three sheepskins. A third applied for some candy, and received a rusty old hatchet.

—The Papal Government, it seems, is not satisfied with the execution of two of the men who aided in blowing up the Zouave Barracks. Two others are still lying under sentence of death, and five are doomed to the galleys for life. The Italian people are presenting petitions to their government, calling for some effort to obtain a remission of the death-sentence; but it is not easy to see what the Italian Government can do. An appeal from that quarter is not likely to have much influence with the Pope or his advisers.

—*Punch* has a good cartoon to illustrate Mr. Disraeli's fall. The idea is taken from Disraeli's own *novelette*, Ixion. Disraeli is represented as Ixion bound to a wheel and hurled from Olympus by John Bright, who wears the lion's skin of Hercules, and at the orders of Gladstone, who, attired as Olympian Jove, looks sternly on and wields the thunderbolts, which are inscribed with the word "majority." Another of *Punch's* cartoons is entitled "A Friend at Court," and represents John Bright in full court costume, opening a court-ball with the Princess of Wales. Mr. *Punch* has a dreadfully obvious joke about "Singing Small-ey," *apropos* of Mr. Reverdy Johnson and the London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*.

—"Grim Females" is the title of the *Saturday Review's* latest study of the fair sex—we mean, of course, the latest received in this country. "Weak women, vain women, affected women," (says the closing sentence of this cheerful essay) "and the whole class of silly women, whatever the specialty of silliness is exhibited, are tiresome enough, heaven knows; but, unsatisfactory as they are, they are better than the grim female—that woman of no sex, born without softness or sympathy, and living without pity or love." Speaking of the *Saturday Review's* studies of woman, we may remark that several New York papers have lately described Miss Braddon, the novelist, as a contributor to the *Saturday* and the probable authoress of these articles. The conjecture is quite wrong. There can be little doubt that the weekly anatomist of woman is the Marchioness of Salisbury, the brilliant wife of the most brilliant Tory peer in England.

—M. Prevost-Paradol, the Orleanist writer, and one of the ablest journalists in France, has written an article in his paper—the *Journal des Debats*—expressing great wonder at the fact that Mr. Bright and Mr. Lowe are to be found in the same cabinet. "They seemed," he says, "to be at the head of two rival parties, destined to divide public opinion in the country, and to struggle for pre-eminence in Parliament." This is in the regular style of French criticism on English affairs. Mr. Lowe was never at the head of any party, nor likely to be. He was regarded as a brilliant and eccentric parliamentary gladiator, who usually "fought for his own hand"—to adopt the old Scottish phrase. For two sessions he did battle on the Tory side in the matter of reform; but to speak of him as at the head of a great party is mere nonsense. Nor is such a combination as that of Bright and Lowe in one cabinet at all uncommon in England. M. Prevost-Paradol does not seem to recollect that Mr. Lowe was seven years ago a member of a Liberal government which introduced a Reform bill considerably more democratic than that which he opposed two years back.

Pebbles.

IN a recent temperance lecture, Beecher remarked that Ireland grew no wines. One of his hearers reminded him that the Green Isle grows whisky. "Oh, yes," said Beecher, "I acknowledge the corn."

"TILLY," said a mother to a daughter who had seen but four summers, "what should you do without your mother?" "I should put on every day just such a dress as I wanted to," was the prompt reply.

AN observing individual, in a very healthy village, seeing the sexton at work in a hole in the ground, inquired what he was about. "Digging a grave, sir." "Digging a grave! Why, I thought people didn't die often here; do they?" "Oh, no, sir; they never die but once."

A MASSACHUSETTS divine lost his notes in the crack of his pulpit. Finding their recovery impossible, he said: "My dear friends, I brought my notes with me this morning, have got them into this provoking crack, and can't get them out; but I will read two chapters in the book of Job, which are worth twe such sermons, if I had them."

AN old gentleman was recently waiting for the cars in the depot of the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railroad, when, looking over the great building, he exclaimed: "Only think of it! But a little over thirty years ago I was offered eighty acres of land, on part of which this depot is now built, for a sorrel horse and saddle; and I'll be hanged if I wasn't just blamed fool enough to keep the sorrel."

A CLERGYMAN and one of the elderly parishioners were walking home from meeting one frosty day, when the old gentleman slipped and fell upon his back. The minister, on being assured that he was not hurt, said to him: "My friend, sinners stand on slippery places." The old gentleman looked up, as if to assure himself of the fact, and replied: "Yes, I see they do; but I can't."

"HOW I loathe the modern system of advertising!" said Lady Mackles to us. Her ladyship was expanding her person in the midst of a profusion of silk, jewels, and *poudre de riz*. Her ladyship's two daughters had just stood up to sing a German, French, and Italian song, one after the other; young Cormac, their tame cat, had been all over the room singing their virtues; and I had seen the name of every member of the family that morning in the *Times*, as subscribers to the Pharisees' Mutual Aid Society—and she loathes advertisements!

IT is a curious illustration of one difference in clerical manners and customs now and one hundred years ago, that a wager was once laid by two of the parishioners of Rev. John Lowell—who was pastor at Newburyport from 1726 to 1767, and who was great-grandfather of James Russell Lowell, the poet—that if he were call up at any time of the night he would appear with a pipe in his mouth. Accordingly the experiment was tried. A loud knocking awakened him. Rising from bed, he took his pipe, went to the kitchen fireplace, raked open the ashes, lighted his tobacco, and went to the door to see what was wanted.

Commercial Notices.

MATHUSHEK PIANOS.—The Colibri Piano only Four Feet and Ten Inches Long' Two Feet and Eight Inches Wide, with usual length of Keyboard. Seven Full Octaves, with great power and quality of tone that has no equal. It is a regular Square Piano, and in all respects a First Class Instrument.

Its Great Power and Superior Tone is produced by the LINEAR BRIDGE, which runs the entire length of the sounding, board, instead of winding across one end like all other make. Its great strength and durability is secured by the equalized tension of the strings on the four sides of the iron plate forming AN ARCH that is impregnable to any strain that can be brought to bear upon it.

THE ORCHESTRAL PIANO, the Usual Sized Square, on the Principle of the Little Colibri Piano, is equal to any Concert Grand by other makers, all of which is fully endorsed by our leading artists. (*See large circular.*)

Mr. J. G. SHAW, the well-known musical critic, has given his professional opinion as follows:

SARATOGA SPRINGS, Sept. 4, 1868.
MESSRS. BARLOW & MATHUSHEK:

The great aim of manufacturers of the Piano-Forte in times past has been to increase the quantity, purity, and brilliancy of tone, or, in other words, to gain power without harshness, purity and roundness of tone without metallic effect, and brilliancy in the upper notes, with a continuous or, as it is sometimes called, a singing tone.

Chickering made the first grand stride in this direction, and for years led the van; Steinway follows, scarcely behind; and lastly, Mathushek, with his little "Colibri."

Chickering achieved all these combinations without the necessary stability, which Steinway has partially secured. Mathushek in combination has excelled them all, and has overcome many obstacles never before attempted.

First—In power, brilliancy, and purity of tone there can be no question.

Secondly—In stability, roundness, and continuous or singing tone he stands at the head.

Thirdly—In reducing the size to meet the wants of all classes, without impairing the volume of tone, and securing in the construction of the Pianos an equal distribution of the strain of the strings upon all parts of the frame, thereby removing the most serious obstacle to durability and uniformity.

These facts are not to be disputed by any candid, unbiassed mind in the country. The writer is willing to concede to Messrs. Chickering, Steinway, Mathushek, and others, separately all the improvements they have individually secured; yet conscientiously believes that Mathushek has in reality taken a step in advance of all makers of Pianos in the world, and one which coming time will generously accord him.

J. G. SHAW.

In proof of the justice of the above criticism, we refer you to the following distinguished artists.

HENRY C. TIMM.
EDWARD MOLLENHAUER.
A. D. W. BESEMAN.
FRANZ SCHLOTTER.
CHARLES FRADEL.
THEODORE HAGEN.
DR. H. FERABEAN.

All of whom have given their testimonials.

BARLOW & MATHUSHEK,
694 Broadway, N. Y.

FINE YOUTH'S PAPER.—The *Youth's Companion*, in its new form of eight pages, is one of the handsomest weeklies published. The first number, just issued, is filled with a great variety of delightful reading, has fine illustrations, and, taken as a whole, is certainly a most attractive sheet for either young or old. Many years ago, when it was first published by Mr. Willis, many a boy or girl thought there was no reading to be compared with it; but this number shows that, while it has grown in years, it has also grown in vigor, interest, and brilliancy. It is for sale by all newsdealers.

S. P. Q. R. were the inspiring characters inscribed upon the conquering banners of the heroic Romans; but D. P. S. are characters which delight our modern nations. They are the initials for DAVID'S PRIZE SOAP, which we are told is sold at every respectable grocer's, and is warranted to be the greatest dirt eradicator known to modern science. The manufacturer has *forty years'* experience in the making of laundry soaps, and *he* ought to know what good soap is by this time. Try it; you'll like it.

WHY is the UNIVERSAL WRINGER the best? Because it has Rowell's Improved Double Gear, and the PATENT STOP, which prevents the cogs from entirely separating. No other is *so durable*.

ALL PERSONS desirous of having their shirts, linen, and laundry washing of the most per

Our Young Folks.

MAGGIE'S PICTURES.

BEHOLD a little studio,
Said pretty Maggie Blair;
It's way up in my attic room,
And full of pictures rare.

Twelve lovely gems I'll show to you,
By a master-painter's hand;
No works of art more perfect may
Be found in all the land.

There's beauty in each varied form,
There's grace in every line,
There's grandeur, loveliness, and power,
And yet they all are mine.

They call me poor, and dare to say
I have but little joy;
They do not dream I've wealth enough
An artist to employ.

He paints each day a picture new,
And wonderfully bright,
Of forests glittering with dew,
And mountains capped with light;

Of silver streams that gently flow
Along their pebbly beds;
Of slender rushes bending low,
And flowers with drooping heads.

He sketches clouds of many a form,
Fringed with a brilliant hue;
And castles old, and arches, where
Bright waters tumble through.

'Tis true, said Maggie, I am poor,
But my treasures are not lost;
I'm happy in my studio
With my artist, good Jack Frost.

H. K. P.

THE PINK CUPS AND SAUCERS.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

IT was a warm day in Spring, and little May and her mamma were out of doors. Mamma on the door-steps, with her sewing, and May very busy under the lilac-bush, making a garden. It was an easy garden to make: the spade was an iron spoon, the ground soft and nice to dig in, and the flowers, sprigs of syringa, and Japan quince, and flowering currant—first a yellow, then a white, then a red one. They looked very gay, and it was *so* nice, May thought, not to have any stupid waiting for seeds to come up, and grow, and blossom; but, instead, to see the flowers right away. To be sure, the old plan was better for one reason—the plants did not fade so soon; but as all looked fresh and prosperous so far, and plenty more flowers were to be had for the picking, she decided that, on the whole, this sort of gardening was much better fun.

James, the hired man, was spading a bed, not far away; and May kept up a constant chatter, first with him and then with mamma. The sky was so blue, and it was so delicious to have the cold gone, and the lovely warm days begun again, that she was too happy to be quiet a moment, and her little tongue ran almost of itself.

"Oh, James!" she cried out, all at once. "Here is a great hard thing in my garden; and it's so far down that I can't dig it up. It's a stone, I know—an ugly, hard stone; and it'll kill all the roots of my plants." (May's plants had no roots, but she liked to play that they had.) Please come and get it out with your spade."

So James, who was very good-natured, came at once, and in a minute had turned up a big spadeful of earth, with the hard thing she complained of in the middle of it. But it was not a stone, for all that; and what do you think it was? You might guess ten times and never get it right. It was a doll's tea-pot of pink china, with a piece of the nose broken off and only half a handle! That was a queer thing to dig out of a flower-bed; was it not?

May could hardly believe her eyes—even when James wiped the dirt off with his coat-sleeve and put it into her hand. She carried it to mamma, with quite a sober face; and I *think* she was trying to make out to herself that pink china was a sort of vegetable, and that by careful digging she might find the rest of the set hidden away in the earth.

"Oh, mamma! See this queer little thing," she said. "Isn't it cunning? It grew in my garden."

Mamma took it in her hand. At first she laughed; then she grew a little grave, and she looked at it with a sort of sweet, tender look, as if she was thinking of something quite different and a great way off. At last she stooped and kissed May, and said:

"I think I know a story about this little tea-pot. Wouldn't you like to sit in my lap a while, and get rested after your digging, and let me tell it to you?"

Of course, May would; she liked stories of all things, and mamma's stories best of all. So up she climbed, and when she was snugly seated mamma began:

"Once upon a time there was a little girl, and she lived in this house where we live now"——

"What was her name?" said May.

"Her name was Mary, but they called her May."

"Why, mamma!" cried Mary, "how curious! My name is Mary, and they call me May. Isn't that very funny, mamma?"

"Do you think so, pet? Well, they called her May. And once, when she was five years old, her uncle gave her a birthday present—a box of pink china cups and saucers for her doll."

"Why, that is curiouser yet!" cried May. "I'm five years old, too! I wish somebody would give 'em to me. Were the cups and saucers anything like this tea-pot, mamma?"

"Yes, May, exactly like—in fact, this is the very tea-pot which belonged to the set. There were ever so many pieces—cream-pitcher, sugar-bowl, and slop-basin, twelve cups and saucers, and twelve plates, and a sweetmeat-dish, besides a basket for bread and a tall vase for the middle of the table, big enough to hold three blue violets at a time, or two lilies of the valley, or a rosebud and leaf, if they were *very* small. It was a beautiful set; and little May thought so, I assure you."

"I should think she would" said May, "or she'd be a funny little girl."

"Well, dear, the other little May played every day with her tea-set. She had parties, and asked her friend's dollies to drink tea with her dolly; and it was great fun to see them all sit round the table in their chairs, with cups and plates before them, and white tea in the cups, and little tiny sandwiches on the plates. The jointed dolls managed very well; but those with stiff legs had to sit ever so far off from the table, and have the mouthfuls cut up and brought to them. All the dollies used to talk a great deal while they ate—just like real ladies; and they were made to wipe their mouths with napkins, and behave in the most genteel manner. The little girls all said there never was such a pretty tea-set; and May liked it better than any plaything she had.

"The birthday came in the Winter, soon after Christmas; so in-door games were just what they wanted. But by and by Spring began; and it was about this time of the year that one day May saw the gardener digging a great round bed in the grass-plot. It was that very bed where you have been making your garden, only there was no lilac-bush there.

"'What is that great big hole for?' she asked the man.

"'I'm going to plant these flower-seeds there, Miss,' he answered.

"'Those brown things?' said May. 'Pshaw! they're not a bit pretty.'

"'But they will be by and by,' the gardener told her. 'Each little seed will make ever so many sweet flowers, and in the Summer you will like to come and pick them.'

"May had never seen any seeds before; but the idea of their turning out so beautiful was very queer and interesting, and all at once a bright idea came into her silly little head. 'If those little bits of brown things can grow into so many big things under the ground, she thought, *of course* my tea-set could do the same; and perhaps it would come up a dozen tea-sets, and then I could give Addie one, and Fanny, and Bessie. How surprised they would be! And mamma, too—how she will laugh when they begin to peep out of the earth. I wonder if the handles will be the first to show, or the spouts? Oh, what fun!" And so, without saying a word to anybody, off she flew to the nursery, while the gardener was away at his dinner; and before he came back the cups and saucers, tea-pot, milk-jug, and all were safely planted in the very middle of the flower-bed.

"Next day was rainy, so she could not go into the garden; but the day after the sun shone again, and out she ran. A great surprise awaited her when she got there. There were no little labels stuck in the ground to mark the planting; but, instead, in the middle of the bed, she saw a great bush.

"'Oh, Patrick! What's this ugly bush here for?' she cried.

"'It's a lilac, Miss. The master changed his mind about the seeds, and had this put in instead.'

"Poor May! She stood a moment, her eyes filling with tears, and a choking feeling in her throat; and then flew into the house, to mamma's room, and, throwing herself into her lap, began to cry as if her heart was broken.

"'My dear child, what *is* the matter?' said mamma.

"'There's a great big bush on top of my tea-set,' sobbed May. 'And now it will never come up, never; it can't.'"

"Wasn't her mamma 'stonished?" said May.

"She was; and first she couldn't make out what in the world was the matter. When at last she understood, she felt sorry for her silly little girl, and went out with a trowel, and dug ever so long to find the lost treasures. But only two little cups and one saucer ever came to light; the rest had been buried deep in the planting of the great bush."

"And now I've got one of 'em," cried May, joyously.

"Yes, darling, you have. It is just twenty-five years since that little pink tea-pot was planted in the ground."

"Mamma, how did you find it all out?" said May. "Did the little girl tell you about it herself?"

Mamma laughed a curious little laugh.

"Oh! now I guess," said May, her eyes growing round. "Your name's Mary, and grandma used to call you May, and that's the reason I'm called so. Isn't that the truth, mamma? And didn't you bury the cups and saucers yourself, when you was a little girl?"

Mamma gave May another kiss. "Yes, dear, you have found it out. Mamma was that silly little thing herself once. And when she cried so over her lost tea-pot, she little thought that one day her own little May would dig it up, and sit on her lap afterward to hear the story.

"And now, darling, if you want to finish your garden, you must hurry back to work again; for soon the dew will be falling, and we shall have to go in."

Sabbath-schools.

DR. THOMAS'S Baptist church in San Francisco has one Chinese Sabbath-school class. May it send off numerous branches!

—Peoria claims to be the banner county of Illinois, having 167 Sunday-schools and more children in attendance upon them than are in the day-schools.

—The fifth anniversary of the Sunday-school of the Puritan Congregational church, Brooklyn, Rev. C. H. Everest pastor, was held last Sabbath evening. Addresses were delivered by the pastor, by William Oland Bourne, and Rev. G. E. Tyrell. The school numbered 77 in January, 1865; now it numbers 874, of whom 83 are officers and teachers. The church has also grown rapidly, and ground for a new edifice has been recently broken.

—The new lord chancellor of England, Lord Hatherley, an excellent lawyer, and a solid, thoroughly sensible, though not brilliant man, has been for 30 years a Sabbath-school teacher, instructing the children and grandchildren of workingmen, till his hair is whitened with years. The Leeds *Mercury* says: "In his attendance at the school his punctuality is so unerring that upon nearing it he serves as an invariable timepiece, both teacher and scholar knowing well that, if they are able to reach the door with or before him they are perfectly safe. Should a medal even be awarded for punctuality in voluntary service, the lord chancellor could fairly claim it; for he has never been known to be behind time."

—The friends of Sunday-schools in Wisconsin have lately been very active. Conventions or institutes have been held lately in Waupaca, Waukesha, Burlington, Grand Rapids, Watertown, Horicon, Sheboygan Falls, Hartford, Brodhead, Hartland, Evansville, and a dozen other places. The *S.-S. Times* announces institutes in West Salem, Jan. 19th and 20th; Sparta, 21st and 22d; Manston, 26th and 27th; Columbus, 28th and 29th. In February, institutes are to be held at Bloomington, Prairie du Chien, Boscobel, Prairie du Sac, Richland City, Milton, Virospua, and other places. More than twenty other counties and towns have expressed a desire to have similar meetings. In this work are engaged such earnest men as Messrs. Rice and Foote, of the American Sunday-school Union; Mr. Wheeler and Deacon Byron, of the State Convention; Dr. D. W. Perkins, Prof. Allen, of Platteville; Joseph Hamilton, of Milwaukee; Rev. Dr. Hodge, of Janesville; Messrs. Lindsley, of Green Bay, Miner, of Monroe, and Byron Kingsbury, of Ripon.

—We have received a letter from Mr. Wm. S. Reynolds, chairman of the executive committee of the Illinois Sunday-school Convention, which utterly denies the charge made by some of the agents of the American Sunday-school Union that they have been denied the privileges of its sessions. He writes to us:

"The Illinois Sabbath-school Convention cordially invites all friends of the Sabbath-school cause to meet in its conventions and unite in its work; but positively refuses to allow any denomination, association, or union to *run the convention to its particular interest*. As to the statement that the missionaries of the American Sunday-school Union "have been positively and privately forbidden by some of the officers of the convention in Illinois to take any part," I have no doubt it is a falsehood. No such instance has been known or reported to the officers of the state convention. The missionaries of the American Sunday-school Union have been and are now allowed to participate in our state and county conventions *on an equal footing with other Sabbath-school workers*."

This letter pretty effectually disposes of the charge. We are confident that no Sunday-school Union agent has ever been repelled from the State Association. The whole thing is without grounds, except that the State Association will not allow any denomination or union to make official reports, to it and thus reduce it to an auxiliary position. In 1867 Rev. Stephen Paxson addressed the convention, narrating his experience as a missionary of A. S.-S. U. He spoke by invitation of the chief executive committee. In 1868 Rev. B. W. Chidlaw, of Ohio, spoke several times. He is a missionary of the A. S.-S. U., and *the invited guest of the executive committee*. They were paid his traveling expenses. The State Association has never intended to *drive out* the Sunday-school Union, or any other good agency; but to stimulate and assist all. The secretary of the Union voluntarily declared to a member of the committee that he intended to withdraw his agents, in view of the vigorous work of the convention. We have the most hearty confidence in the managers of the Illinois convention; and such men as Moody, Reynolds, Eggleston, Alex. Tyng have shown the country what are the possibilities of Sabbath-school development. The number of schools organized the past year in Illinois under their direction may not reach 1,500, but by the best estimation approaches that figure. Thus in one county the number has increased from 30 to 99; in another, from 2 to 30; and so on.

Art and Artists.

THE adjourned meeting of artists for the purpose of projecting some measure to secure the right of property in their own inventions to painters, sculptors, etc., took place at Mr. Macdonald's studio, on Saturday, when a report was presented and adopted recommending a petition to Congress for the passage of a law to be entitled "an act to promote the progress of the fine arts." The specific provisions of the proposed law are for the registry of all kinds of works of art, and to prohibit any one from imitating, using, or copying them without the consent of their authors or owners. The benefits of such a law are so necessary and so palpable that it is not conceivable that any opposition could be made to it in Congress, unless some Western member should object to it for the same reason that General Logan, of Illinois, objected to Mr. Jenckes's Civil Service bill—viz., on the score of its aristocratic tendency. And it would certainly have that effect, inasmuch as it would certainly give greater dignity to the calling of an artist, by securing to his own use the fruits of his own labor. But, to render the law truly serviceable, not only to the artists but to the best interests of the country, it should apply to all artists of all countries whatever. If it is a crime to rob our own artists by copying their productions, it is surely no less a crime to rob the artists of other countries. Let us extend to foreign artists on our own soil precisely the same protection that we give to our own. Until this measure of protection shall be given to American art, it will be a long while before we can successfully cope with European artists.

Landscape painting appears to be falling into contempt in England, which may be only a natural reaction from the exalted position which landscape painters have been forced into by the extravagant praises bestowed upon Turner during the past twenty-five years. It is said that landscapes have hardly a chance of being admitted into the exhibitions of the Royal Academy. It is unquestionable that landscapes on this side of the Atlantic do not receive the same attention which they did a few years ago. The exhibitions of pictures of the French and German schools have taught us the superiority of figure pieces to views of natural scenery.

There is a natural affinity in art, as in social associations. Bank presidents loved to sit to Elliott for their portraits. Poets, philanthropists, heroes, and philosophers evince a decided preference for Page; he has painted Lowell, Garrison, Farragut, and the Quinceys, and he is now painting Wendell Phillips and Henry Ward Beecher. Mr. Carpenter draws to his studio another class of marked Americans. He painted Lincoln, as all the world knows; and he is now engaged on portraits of Barnum and Greeley.

A picture of "Maud Muller," by Whittaker, has been on exhibition the past week or two at Morris's gallery in Brooklyn. But it only gives another evidence of the inadequacy of the pencil to render more vivid the ideal forms of the poet. Mr. Whittaker's "Maud Muller" is very inferior to Whittier's lovely creation; while the landscape accessories of the figure exhibit a surprising lack of observation in drawing the common objects of rural life.

Music.

OLE BULL returned to New York last week, and had a genuine hearty welcome at Steinway Hall, on the evenings of the 4th and 5th. His popularity surpasses, we think, that of any other instrumental performer who ever came among us. Custom seems to take away nothing from the delight with which thousands of every class—professional musicians, connoisseurs, and the untrained public—hang upon every note of his magic violin. He seems to have exhausted the sentimental resources of the most feeling of instruments, and his playing is so thoroughly enjoyed because it is not only technically superb, but natural and heartfelt. He was better supported at these concerts than he was last winter. The vocalists, Miss Barton, mezzo-soprano, and Mr. G. F. Hall, baritone, are both good. Mr. James H. Wilson, an American pianist, who has just returned from a course of study in Leipsic, played on a piano which embodies certain inventions of Ole Bull's own. Its tone is not pleasing, and Mr. Wilson had not a fair chance to show his powers. His style is correct, but we should think rather cold. There was an excellent orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Carl Bergmann.

Steinway Hall was densely crowded on the evening of the 8th, the occasion being the first appearance of Madame Parepa-Rosa since her long journey to California and back again across the continent. She sang a scena and prayer from *Der Freischutz*, and several favorite ballads; singing them all, of course, incomparably, and winning round after round of applause. We do well to make the most of this suberb vocalist, for she has few equals in the world. Mr. Levy, the famous cornet-player, who was here with Madam Parepa when first she came to America, three years or more ago, also made his reappearance on Friday evening, and was warmly greeted. He is a marvelous performer on an instrument which has not generally been thought worthy of the highest cultivation, but which in his hands develops brilliancy and sweetness. Mr. Carl Rosa played two or three violin solos, with his usual good taste, accuracy, and expression; Mr. Brookhouse Bowler contributed an air from Costa's oratorio of "Eli" and other tenor pieces; and Signor Ferranti sang several buffo songs.

The orchestral compositions produced at the second Philharmonic concert, on Saturday evening, were Haydn's Symphony in B flat, Catel's Overture to "Semiramis," and Liszt's *Poème Symphonique*, illustrative of Victor Hugo's raphsodical poem, "*Ce qu'on entend sur la montagne.*" The Haydn Symphony is a delightful, joyous, and thoroughly intelligible work, careful in its construction and flowing in melody. Catel's Overture *is* more remarkable for its fine scientific treatment and broad harmonic effects than for melody or imagination. It is a good study for the musician; but was not apparently very interesting to the audience, being received almost in silence, although, like the Symphony, it was admirably played. It has never been heard in America before, except at Theodore Thomas's last symphony soirée. The Liszt composition combines more of the extravagances with fewer of the merits of the eccentric abbe than any other of his works with which we are acquainted. It closes, however, with a beautiful prayer, the only bit of melody in the whole Symphony. The solo performers at this concert were Madame Camilla Urso, who played the first movement from Beethoven's violin concerto, and, on being recalled, an *Elegie* of Ernst's, both exquisitely; and Mr. S. B. Mills, who did justice to Beethoven's piano concerto in E flat. The audience was uncomfortably large—one of the largest, in fact, that the Academy of Music has ever contained.

Education.

SIXTEEN ladies are studying theology at Oberlin.

—The trustees of the Robinson Academy for Girls, at Exeter, N. H., have realized about $350,000 from a bequest. The donor was a Northern man, a bachelor, who had lived long at the South and was engaged in the rebellion.

—The library of Princeton College has received a valuable acquisition in the presentation of the library of the late John M. Krebs, D.D., of this city, and also of a unique collection of pamphlets on the Unitarian controversy, made by Dr. Wm. B. Sprague, of Albany.

—Robert College, at Constantinople, is a decided success. It has a fund of $100,000; but it has an income from tuition fees sufficient to defray its expenses, although $2,500 of these fees were remitted. The first graduating class consisted of two students. Their orations were delivered in three languages—Armenian, Bulgarian, and English—and were prepared also in French and Turkish, and their diplomas were written in four languages. Both remain in the college as tutors, and one is to study theology with a view to missionary service.

—The tendency of civilization is evidently toward lessening the number of hours of study for children. An English paper says: "In Germany an experiment is being made upon lads at school, with the object of discovering whether more study cannot be got out of and more learning driven into them by keeping them hard at it, as a boy would say, in the morning, and allowing them to devote the whole afternoon to play." The fact is that four hours of good hard study in the morning is as much as should be required of any child under fourteen years of age, girls especially.

—The convention of colored men lately held at Pittsburgh adopted a memorial to the legislature of Pennsylvania, in which it is stated that the colored schools are inferior in every respect to those provided for white children. The following passage from the memorial may be quoted: "We only ask that colored children be admitted with white children impartially into the common school privileges of the state, and, in every instance where they are forced to be educated in separate schools, that such schools be as excellent as those provided for other children, and that they be at least respectable." Let us hope that the Republican legislature of Pennsylvania will see the reasonableness of this request, and comply with it without delay.

Temperance.

A MASSACHUSETTS physiologist asserts that there are no fine singers who use tobacco. It is proved in the dissecting room; he claims that tobacco injures the voice.

—Says Josh Billings: "Most enny man will conceed that it loox very foolish to see a boy drag a heavy slay up a steep hill for the fleetin pleshur of ridin down again; but it appears to me that that boy is a sage by the side of that young man hoo works hard all the week, and drinks his stamps up Saturda nite."

—An intoxicated man recently lay down on the railroad track near the Covington, Ky., depot, and fell asleep. A little dog, belonging to a house close by, seeing a train approach, ran and jumped upon his face, and barked and scratched him until he awoke, just in time to get out of the way of the cars. The man, believing this to be a divine warning to abstain from drinking, took the pledge forthwith.

—A new temperance hall has been opened in this city, on the lower floor of the building corner of Eighth avenue and Eighteenth street, under the auspices of thirteen divisions, comprising the western district of the Sons of Temperance of this city. The room is a very commodious one, being about 100 feet deep by 22 feet wide and furnishing seating-room for nearly 500 persons. It has been very neatly decorated, and bears an exceedingly cheerful and comfortable aspect.

—A clergyman says of Mr. Trask's anti-tobacco and temperance tracts: "Unique productions. Like their author, 'rough and ready'; but genial as the sun, while they are keen as a briar. They are not so captivating to superfine tastes as the productions of our rich tract societies, which pass under the supervision of committees and are rounded and polished by their cautious touches. The author 'fights on his own hook,' in his own style. He likes modern gunnery. In battling the sins of the times, he uses the rough bore and the Minnie ball; hence his shot strikes and riddles all before it."

—The Bishop of Mayence once delivered a sermon against drunkenness; and, after painting in the strongest colors the evils of over-indulgence, concluded as follows: "But the abuse of wine does not exclude its use, for it is written that wine rejoices the heart of man. Probably there is no one in my congregation who cannot drink four bottles of wine without feeling any disturbance of his senses; but, if any man at the seventh or eighth bottle so forgets himself as to abuse and strike his wife and children, and treat his best friends as enemies, let him look into his conscience, and in future always stop at the sixth bottle. Yet, if after drinking eight, or even ten, or twelve bottles, he can still take his Christian neighbor lovingly by the hand, and obey the orders of his spiritual and temporal superiors, let him thankfully drink his modest draught. He must be careful, however, as to taking any more, for it is seldom that Providence gives any one the special grace to drink sixteen bottles at a sitting, as it has enabled me, its unworthy servant, to do, without either neglecting my duties or losing my temper." It seems incredible at this day that a bishop could ever have written such stuff as this.

—Rev. George Trask, the anti-tobacco apostle, writes: "The donors of pipes and cigars to Gen. Grant should understand how cheap they make themselves in the estimation of the great man. That the General is a devotee to the filthy weed is unfortunate, of course, but indisputable. That he derives no rational complacency or manly satisfaction from the habit is alike indisputable. We have been misinformed, if President Lincoln, who abhorred tobacco, did not, again and again, beseech the General to renounce the habit; and if the General did not as often give some assurance that he would as soon as the exigences of war would allow. In March, 1865, certain Philadelphia gentlemen, whose names I will not mention, waited upon the General in front of Petersburg, and in a style excessively polite presented him with a costly meerschaum. The reply of the General was characteristic: 'Gentlemen, it is true I smoke; but it is a bad habit, and I purpose to drop it. You have presented me with this pipe. I can do no less than thank you for it.' An imbecile cannot give up tobacco. Gen. Grant can. We hope to see the day when he will conquer a despotic habit, no more invincible than Richmond."

Scientific.

—Dr. Jules Haast has lately been exploring a swamp in New Zealand for the fossil bones of the *dinornis*, the gigantic bird which not very long ago became extinct there. The largest entire skeleton is over ten feet high, and single bones have been found which indicates an even greater size.

—The *Medical and Surgical Reporter*, the best authority in its department in this country, endorses the opinion of a German medical magazine, that Madeira is among the best places for patients suffering from lung diseases. The climate is remarkably equable, sunny days are frequent, and there is agreeable scenery.

—We remember no more remarkable example of the exactitude of engineering science than the fact that the borings for the Mount Cenis Tunnel, begun at the two ends and at a distance of seven miles and a half from each other, were yet so accurately directed that when the work was completed the greatest deviation was found to be a single foot.

—M. Milliat, in France, introduces into the stomach glass tubes of small caliber, connected with a strong battery, and containing the electrodes necessary for producing a brilliant galvanic light. Tumors or ulcers in the abdomen can thus be observed through the skin, and the interior lit up as when the feeble light of a candle renders the finger translucent.

—The *Trappers' Guide* says that muskrats, otters, mink, and beavers can travel almost any distance under the ice without coming to the air, by occasionally breathing out the air from their lungs, and waiting for it to absorb oxygen, when they take it in again. The trapper sometimes starts a family of muskrats from their houses, and sees them swim away under the thin ice. Following one of them for some distance, he sees him come up to renew his breath in the manner above described. After the animal has breathed against the ice, and before he has time to take his bubble in again, the hunter strikes with his hatchet directly over him and drives him away from his breath. In this case he drowns in swimming a few rods, and the hunter, cutting a hole in the ice, takes him out.

—The profits arising from the culture of salmon on the River Tay, in England, are really surprising. In a recent meeting of the New York Lyceum of Natural History, Capt. Gillman submitted the following result from three ponds belonging to one party: From pond No. 3 there were 7,000 fish, one pound each; which, being sold at fifty cents per pound, gave $3,505. In the second pond were 3,000 yearlings, which sold at ten cents, equal to $300; and in the first pond were a similar number three or four months old, worth five cents per pound, and equal to $150. The ova, at $8 per thousand, cost $400, and left a profit, after deducting all expenses, of $3,843 40. The speaker then alluded to the great advantage which the people of this country possessed in having so many facilities to cultivate so profitable a trade.

—Agassiz insists on the inferiority and degradation of the mixed races of Brazil as a prime proof that the human races are specifically distinct. He must have made very hasty generalizations, if we may judge from the statements of other authors thoroughly acquainted with the subject. Don Ramon Paez, a native of Venezuela and son of President Paez, while admitting the mental and moral inferiority of the mongrel races of South America, says that they are "endowed with a physique admirably adapted to endure the fatigues of a life beset with dangers and hardships." He quotes from Mons. de Lavaysse, who says in his interesting work on Venezuela: "Why is it that individuals proceeding from a mixture of African and indigenous American blood [Zambos] have greater strength, finer forms, more intellectual faculties and moral energy than the negro or Indian? Why, although the white be, in general, superior in strength of body, mental powers, and in moral force to the aboriginal American and to the negro—why, I ask, are the individuals born of the union of a white with an Indian woman (the Mestizos, for instance) inferior in mental and moral qualities to the Zambos? Why are the Mestizos generally distinguished by finer figures, agreeable countenances, and in the mildness and docility of their dispositions? Why is the mulatto, son of a white and a negress, superior to the Zambo in intellectual faculties, but his inferior in physical? Why is it that when these races are mixed their progeny is remarkable for a more healthy and vigorous constitution, and for more vital energy than the individuals born in the same climate of indigenous European or African blood, without mixture?"

Foreign Gleanings.

PROFESSOR HENRY MORLEY, of London, is editing a new edition, in one volume, of the *Spectator*—Addison and Steele's *Spectator*.

—Mark Lemon, the editor of *Punch*, intends shortly to visit the United States and read, or act, the part of Falstaff. Mark Lemon is a capital amateur actor.

—Mr. Gladstone, the English prime minister, is announced as about to contribute a series of papers on "The Duties of a Citizen of a Free State" to *Good Words* during the current year.

—It is stated that more than one-third of all the births that took place in Paris last year were illegitimate. Even this, however, would hardly bring Paris to an equality with Vienna in regard to illegitimacy.

—Prince Napoleon has gone to pay a visit to George Sand, the famous novelist, at her country-house. The prince is to stand godfather to her newly-born grandchild, son of Maurice Sand, who was secretary to Prince Napoleon when the latter traveled in the United States.

—The son of the late King Theodore, of Abyssinia, is now living at Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, near the residence of Alfred Tennyson. The young Abyssinian prince is under the tutelage of Capt. Speedy, who brought him from his native country and to whom he is much attached.

—Liberalism in Prussia has lately sustained a severe loss by the death of one of its oldest champions—Dr. Lette—who fought in the war of Prussian independence in 1813, and was a member of the Frankfort Parliament in 1848. Dr. Lette was always prominent in the cause of education and free-trade.

—Mr. Stuart Mill has written a long letter in French to M. Esquiros, of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, explaining the reasons which led to the election of a Tory in the Westminster contest. The letter is published in the *Revue*. Mr. Mill attributes his defeat principally to the superior organization of his opponents and the money they spent.

—Mr. Disraeli, while in office, had wonderful good fortune in the way of patronage. During the short period of the Derby-Disraeli administrations, little more than two years, there were no less than twenty-seven appointments made to the judicial bench of the three kingdoms. These included two lord chancellorships in England and two in Ireland.

—M. de Lesseps, the founder and president of the Isthmus of Suez Canal Company, has been invited by some of the citizens of Marseilles to become a candidate for the representation of the city in the Corps Legislatif—the death of M. Berryer having created a vacancy. M. de Lesseps has, however, declined the nomination, on the ground that he could not now withdraw his attention from the great scheme which he has carried so far toward completion.

—The peculiar construction of the Chinese language, by which a dozen different meanings may be expressed by so many different inflexions of a sentence in one word, often throws the foreign missionaries in China into bewildering complications. An American missionary lately asked for a hammer, and had a shuttlecock brought to him. Another, demanding a beefsteak, was supplied with three sheepskins. A third applied for some candy, and received a rusty old hatchet.

—The Papal Government, it seems, is not satisfied with the execution of two of the men who aided in blowing up the Zouave Barracks. Two others are still lying under sentence of death, and five are doomed to the galleys for life. The Italian people are presenting petitions to their government, calling for some effort to obtain a remission of the death-sentence; but it is not easy to see what the Italian Government can do. An appeal from that quarter is not likely to have much influence with the Pope or his advisers.

—*Punch* has a good cartoon to illustrate Mr. Disraeli's fall. The idea is taken from Disraeli's own *novellette*, Ixion. Disraeli is represented as Ixion bound to a wheel and hurled from Olympus by John Bright, who wears the lion's skin of Hercules, and at the orders of Gladstone, who, attired as Olympian Jove, looks sternly on and wields the thunderbolts, which are inscribed with the word "majority." Another of *Punch's* cartoons is entitled "A Friend at Court," and represents John Bright in full court costume, opening a court-ball with the Princess of Wales. Mr. *Punch* has a dreadfully obvious joke about "Singing Small-ey," *apropos* of Mr. Reverdy Johnson and the London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*.

—"Grim Females" is the title of the *Saturday Review's* latest study of the fair sex—we mean, of course, the latest received in this country. "Weak women, vain women, affected women," (says the closing sentence of this cheerful essay) "and the whole class of silly women, whatever the specialty of silliness exhibited, are tiresome enough, heaven knows; but, unsatisfactory as they are, they are better than the grim female—that woman of no sex, born without softness or sympathy, and living without pity or love." Speaking of the *Saturday Review's* studies of woman, we may remark that several New York papers have lately described Miss Braddon, the novelist, as a contributor to the *Saturday* and the probable authoress of these articles. The conjecture is quite wrong. There can be little doubt that the weekly anatomist of woman is the Marchioness of Salisbury, the brilliant wife of the most brilliant Tory peer in England.

—M. Prevost-Paradol, the Orleanist writer, and one of the ablest journalists in France, has written an article in his paper—the *Journal des Debats*—expressing great wonder at the fact that Mr. Bright and Mr. Lowe are to be found in the same cabinet. "They seemed," he says, "to be at the head of two rival parties, destined to divide public opinion in the country, and to struggle for pre-eminence in Parliament." This is in the regular style of French criticism on English affairs. Mr. Lowe was never at the head of any party, nor likely to be. He was regarded as a brilliant and eccentric parliamentary gladiator, who usually "fought for his own hand"—to adopt the old Scottish phrase. For two sessions he did battle on the Tory side in the matter of reform; but to speak of him as at the head of a great party is mere nonsense. Nor is such a combination as that of Bright and Lowe in one cabinet at all uncommon in England. M. Prevost-Paradol does not seem to recollect that Mr. Lowe was seven years ago a member of a Liberal government which introduced a Reform bill considerably more democratic than that which he opposed two years back.

Pebbles.

IN a recent temperance lecture, Beecher remarked that Ireland grew no wines. One of his hearers reminded him that the Green Isle grows whisky. "Oh, yes," said Beecher, "I acknowledge the corn."

"TILLY," said a mother to a daughter who had seen but four summers, "what should you do without your mother?" "I should put on every day just such a dress as I wanted to," was the prompt reply.

AN observing individual, in a very healthy village, seeing the sexton at work in a hole in the ground, inquired what he was about. "Digging a grave, sir." "Digging a grave! Why, I thought people didn't die often here; do they?" "Oh, no, sir; they never die but once."

A MASSACHUSETTS divine lost his notes in the crack of his pulpit. Finding their recovery impossible, he said: "My dear friends, I brought my notes with me this morning, have got them into this provoking crack, and can't get them out; but I will read two chapters in the book of Job, which are worth two such sermons, if I had them."

AN old gentleman was recently waiting for the cars in the depot of the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railroad, when, looking over the great building, he exclaimed: "Only think of it! But a little over thirty years ago I was offered eighty acres of land, on part of which this depot is now built, for a sorrel horse and saddle; and I was just blamed fool enough to keep the sorrel."

A CLERGYMAN and one of the elderly parishioners were walking home from meeting one frosty day, when the old gentleman slipped and fell upon his back. The minister, on being assured that he was not hurt, said to him: "My friend, sinners stand on slippery places." The old gentleman looked up, as if to assure himself of the fact, and replied: "Yes, I see they do; but I can't."

"HOW I loathe the modern system of advertising!" said Lady Mackles to us. Her ladyship was expanding her person in the midst of a profusion of silk, jewels, and *poudre de riz*. Her ladyship's two daughters had just stood up to sing a German, French, and Italian song, one after the other; young Cormac, their tame cat, had been all over the room singing their virtues; and I had seen the name of every member of the family that morning in the *Times*, as subscribers to the Pharisees' Mutual Aid Society—and she loathes advertisements!

IT is a curious illustration of one difference in clerical manners and customs now and one hundred years ago that a wager was once laid by two of the parishioners of Rev. John Lowell—the uncle of every Newburyport from 1726 to 1767, and who was great-grandfather of James Russell Lowell, the poet—that if he were call up at any time of the night he would appear with a pipe in his mouth. Accordingly the experiment was tried. A loud knocking awakened him. Rising from bed, he took his pipe, went to the kitchen fireplace, raked open the ashes, lighted his tobacco, and went to the door to see what was wanted.

Commercial Notices.

MATHUSHEK PIANOS.—The Colibri Piano only Four Feet and Ten Inches Long' Two Feet and Eight Inches Wide, with usual length of Keyboard. Seven Full Octaves, with great power and quality of tone that has no equal. It is a regular Square Piano, and in all respects a First Class Instrument.

Its Great Power and Superior Tone is produced by the LINEAR BRIDGE, which runs the entire length of the sounding, board, instead of winding across one end like all other make. Its great strength and durability is secured by the equalized tension of the strings on the four sides of the iron plate forming AN ARCH that is impregnable to any strain that can be brought to bear upon it.

THE ORCHESTRAL PIANO, the Usual Sized Square, on the Principle of the Little Colibri Piano, is equal to any Concert Grand by other makers, all of which is fully endorsed by our leading artists. (*See large circular.*)

MR. J. G. SHAW, the well-known musical critic, has given his professional opinion as follows:

SARATOGA SPRINGS, Sept. 4, 1868.
MESSRS. BARLOW & MATHUSHEK:

The great aim of manufacturers of the Piano-Forte in times past has been to increase the quantity, purity, and brilliancy of tone, or, in other words, to gain power without harshness, purity and roundness of tone without metallic effect, and brilliancy in the upper notes, with a continuous or, as it is sometimes called, a singing tone.

Chickering made the first grand stride in this direction, and for years led the van; Steinway follows, somewhat behind; and, lastly, Mathushek, with his little "Colibri."

Chickering achieved all these combinations without the necessary stability, which Steinway has partially secured. Mathushek in combination has excelled them all, and has overcome many obstacles never before attempted.

First—In power, brilliancy, and purity of tone there can be no question.

Secondly—In stability, roundness, and continuous or singing tone he stands at the head.

Thirdly—In reducing the size to meet the wants of all classes, without impairing the volume of tone, and securing in the construction of the Pianos an equal distribution of the strain of the strings upon all parts of the frame, thereby removing the most serious obstacle to durability and uniformity.

These facts are not to be disputed by any candid, unbiassed mind in the country. The writer is willing to concede to Messrs. Chickering, Steinway, Mathushek, and others, separately all the improvements they have individually secured; yet conscientiously believes that Mathushek has in reality taken a step in advance of all makers of Pianos in the world, and one which coming time will generously accord him.

J. G. SHAW.

In proof of the justice of the above criticism, we refer you to the following distinguished artists.

HENRY C. TIMM.
EDWARD MOLLENHAUER.
A. D. W. BESEMAN.
FRANZ SCHLOTTER.
CHARLES FRADEL.
THEODORE HAGEN.
DR. H. PERABEAN.

All of whom have given their testimonials.

BARLOW & MATHUSHEK,
694 Broadway, N. Y.

FINE YOUTH'S PAPER.—The *Youth's Companion*, in its new form of eight pages, is one of the handsomest weeklies published. The first number, just issued, is filled with a great variety of delightful reading, has fine illustrations, and, taken as a whole, is certainly a most attractive sheet for either young or old. Many years ago, when it was first published by Mr. Willis, many a boy or girl thought there was no reading to be compared with it; but this number shows that, while it has grown in years, it has also grown in vigor, interest, and brilliancy. It is for sale by all newsdealers.

S. P. Q. R. were the inspiring characters inscribed upon the conquering banners of the heroic Romans; but D. P. S. are characters which delight our modern nations. They are the initials for DAVID'S PRIZE SOAP, which we are told is sold at every respectable grocer's, and is warranted to be the greatest dirt eradicator known to modern science. The manufacturer has *forty years'* experience in the making of laundry soaps, and *he* ought to know what good soap is by this time. Try it; you'll like it.

WHY is the UNIVERSAL WRINGER the best? Because it has Rowell's Improved Double Gear, and the PATENT STOP, which prevents the cogs from entirely separating. No other is *so durable*.

ALL PERSONS desirous of having their shirts, linen, and laundry washing of the most perfect whiteness, and without being spotted, should use the Patent Soluble

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The Independent.

THEODORE TILTON, EDITOR.
HENRY C. BOWEN,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

New York, January 14th, 1869.

WHY WE SHOULD CARE FOR CRETE.

WHAT can we do for the Cretans? Old John Willett, in Dickens's *Barnaby Rudge*, hears, as he stands by his warm hearth, the cry of some one belated or endangered on the moor outside, and answers by the loudest bawl his lungs can give, adding that if that will do the traveler any good he is quite welcome to it. At the first glance it must be owned that resolutions of sympathy voted at a meeting in New York seem to afford to the struggling Cretans little better comfort than John Willett's shout to the alarmed traveler. Yet this view of the question would be only superficial. Setting aside the substantial fact that the gentlemen who met at the Cooper Institute the other night propose to raise a fund for the relief of the Cretan fugitives, it is a certain fact, capable of being demonstrated by the hardest proofs, capable almost of being proved by arithmetical computation, that the moral support and sympathy of a great, free people have always counted among the real and substantial forces by which in the end the freedom of oppressed nations is won. American sympathizers, far-removed as they are from Ida and the shores of Crete, may apostrophize the Candian cause in the noble words which Wordsworth applied to Toussaint L'Ouverture, when the pioneer of negro freedom lay in his dungeon:

> "Thou hast left behind
> Powers that will work for thee—earth, air, and skies!
> There's not a breathing of the common wind
> That will forget thee! Thou hast friends allies!
> Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
> And love, and man's unconquerable mind!"

We *can* serve the Cretans and the Greeks, without departing in the least from that national policy of non-intervention in the affairs of Europe which the United States Government is bound to maintain. It is well, then, to impress on the practical mind of America certain clear, plain reasons why we should wish well to the Greek. Let us put sentiment aside. Let us give up the notion that Crete has any claim on us because she was the fabled nursery of Jupiter; that Greece has a title to our support because of Homer and Sophocles, of Marathon and Salamis. Let us forget for a moment the poets who helped to sing Greece to freedom in these later days. Mr. Oakey Hall did forget some of them the other night, when he mentioned Byron and Halleck, and said nothing of Victor Hugo and Beranger. Let us come to business. This is no question of Crete merely. It is a question between the Greek and the Turk, between the Christian and the Moslem, between commerce and stagnation. *In the end the Greek must win*, as he ought to win. We are no enthusiasts about the modern Greek, who, indeed, represents very accurately in most of his characteristics the ancient Greek. Admit, if you will, all that his enemies say of him. Admit that he is cunning, unscrupulous, given to prevarication, given to monstrous boasting and gigantic self-delusion; that one of the curses of Greek political life is the detestation every Hellene at once conceives for a neighbor who gets on any better than himself. Admit that in the inflation of his grand national idea the Greek allows his country to remain without roads, and the suburbs of its cities to be infested with robbers, so that a journey to immortal Marathon itself is more dangerous than a tour in the Abruzzi or a pilgrimage through Mexico. Admit that the government offices are eaten up by place-hunters, and that the revenue departments are in the hands of plunderers almost as bad as our own. Even if you admit all this, there are two things you cannot deny. The Greek has never forfeited or lost sight of his claim to be a citizen of a great, independent nationality; and he has never failed to make commerce flourish wherever he had a chance. Everything bad has been said of the Greek, except one thing—nobody ever said he was a fool. He sees with the instinctive strength of commercial genius that nothing can be done for the Bosphorus and the Levant until the Turk clears out. The Turk knows nothing of nationality and nothing of commerce. A great English statesman once asked if any one had ever seen or heard of a Turkish merchant ship, manned by Turkish sailors, bearing a cargo of Turkish merchandise into any port of the world. Wherever the Greek goes, he rises somehow to the top of the commercial struggle. In London, Liverpool, and Manchester, in New York and San Francisco, in Trieste, and Smyrna, and Alexandria, and Archangel, there is the Greek merchant pushing his way, holding his own against all competitors. Whoever saw or heard of a Turk making progress in anything, except sensualism, plunder, and war? Indeed, no stronger proof of the Turk's incapacity to learn can be given than is found in the fact that, long as he had Greece for a captive, he never became her pupil in anything. Captive Greece, as we know, conquered her Roman and other conquerors, and made them sit at her feet and learn of her literature, her art, her philosophy. She could do nothing with the Turk. Where is the Turkish Plato, Euripides, or Phidias? The Moslem, in fact, cannot learn while he is a Moslem; the very conditions of his religion condemn him to mental stagnation, while its physical ordinances doom him to decrepitude and decay. It is literally true, as Mr. Bryant said, that the voice of civilization requires the deliverance of Crete and all Grecian soil from the Turkish yoke. More than the voice of civilization—the cause of civilization requires it.

This is the practical question at issue. We cannot conceive how any American, at least, could be found on the wrong side of it. Let every American be assured that his voice will count for something, although he has no representative in the Conference; and let him remember that Greek enthusiasm, at its wildest, is something like Yankee enthusiasm, and has a sound, practical purpose at the heart of it.

SECTARIAN ECCLESIASTICISM.

PASSING by a few minor points that refer to politics, ceremonies, and special shades of doctrine, and not at all to the essential substance and life of Christianity, the ripe and large-minded scholar sees *one*, and but *one*, church of the living God marching along the track of ages. This track is by no means a *hair*-line, but rather a *path* so broad that all true Christians can walk abreast upon it, agreeing and disagreeing without unfriendly or antagonistic collision. This fact is the basis of the catholic spirit in religion. The philosophy of this spirit rests upon the underlying fact of essential moral unity in the Church of God. The spirit itself is a noble feeling, honorable to the subject, and just to truth.

It is quite true that every Christian, considered as a local being, must somewhere have a local *home*, in the ecclesiastical sense; and, so long as religious sects exist, he has the inalienable right of choice among them. Exercising this right without bigotry or supercilious exclusion of others, he commits no trespass against those general harmonies that ought to shine out in the social exhibitions of all Christians. He simply makes his special choice for what seems to him a sufficient reason. Let him do so. Who shall complain?

This honest preference, however, may be carried so far, and withal be so blinded with selfish and partisan passion, as to generate a morbid sectarian ecclesiasticism—making one an uncharitable propagandist of *sect* rather than of Christ. Unhappily for the best interests of religion, there is far too much of this narrow-hearted zeal for the distinctive peculiarities of mere sect. Unmellowed and unmodified by broad and catholic views of the spiritual kingdom of Christ, it magnifies minor differences till they eclipse the sun. It forgets the law of Gospel charity toward others, and sometimes outrages the plain obligations of Christian fellowship—all under the pretentious disguise of devotion to the Master. Such a temper is apt to be sharp and jaundiced, tenacious and provincial, one-eyed and one-sided, having the fire of the mere partisan and perhaps the intrigue of the politician. Impressed upon a creed, it will not concede sufficient width of theological space for any traveler but itself. Appearing in the speculations of the theologian, it unfits him to differ with others, and it is quite certain to give an unlovely manner to his theology. Developed in practical life, it makes the Christian sour, distant, and unsocial toward those whom he ought to recognize as belonging to the one spiritual family of God. Actuated by this sort of zeal, sects have been known to treat each other very ungraciously. Ecclesiastical thievery in what, by a very pertinent figure of speech, may be called *sheep-stealing*; the system of proselyting; the practice of inuendoes and disparagements on the one hand, and of the most pompous and even ludicrous self-glorifications on the other; arrogant and insulting exclusiveness, and sometimes positive falsehood; actual persecution where the laws of society tolerate it—these and the like characteristics are the natural expressions of a bigoted, sectarian High-Churchism, having in it far more sin and selfishness than of Christianity after the model of the New Testament. Though taking the name of *grace*, and operating under the color of religion, and perhaps with a sort of religious conscience, it is eminently wanting in the real qualities that distinguish the true child of God.

Much of one's *apparent* religion—far more than he may be aware of—may be simply the religion of sect, having no other inspiration than the principle of party. We, hence, think it well for all to be on their guard against such a manner of spirit as turns men into flaming sectarians, forever shouting their peculiar sibboleths as the law of the universe, and far more notable as Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, or Congregationalists than for those genial and heavenly virtues that are the common property of all true lovers of God and man. The best part of a good Methodist consists in that which is common to him and a good Presbyterian. It is this, and this only, that will commend both to the favor of God. "Not every one *that saith unto me, Lord, Lord*, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven: but he that *doeth* the will of my Father which is in heaven." It has always been true, and always will be, "that every one that *doeth righteousness* is born of him." Obedience to the will of God is, after all, the great test of Christian discipleship. Let this point be magnified as it should be, and the minor distinctions between sects will give them no trouble. Glorify the distinctions, and sectarian animosities, depravities, and repulsions are the natural result.

MR. PEABODY'S CHARITIES.

THE London correspondent of the *Chicago Journal* has written sharply and unfavorably of Mr. Peabody's charities to the poor of London. He declares that "the really deserving poor of London have never reaped benefit to the value of a farthing from George Peabody's money"; that "there is not at this moment a single deserving poor man in any one of the Peabody houses"; and that "the tenements have been let, at the ordinary price of similar houses in the same neighborhood, to well-to-do tradesmen, mechanics, clerks, etc., who could well afford to pay more rent." The writer makes some severe comments on the management of the institution, and disparages the real object of the charity—which, indeed, he says is "no charity at all, and never was, and never was designed to be." Now, we think the censure he seems to apply to Mr. Peabody quite unjust; but his criticism of the institutions themselves has a certain amount of truth in it. People in London are naturally restrained by delicacy of feeling from finding fault publicly with the appropriation of money so charitably and munificently given away; but in private one hears little satisfaction expressed at the results of the scheme, thus far. The trustees of the fund built, in two or three districts of London, huge squares of houses—each square looking like a compromise between a barrack, a workhouse, and a prison—and these they divide into tenements, which are let out under severe regulations to deserving families at the rate of *2s. 6d.* a week for a single room, *4s.* for two, and *5s.* for three rooms. Now, it is obvious that the very poor of London could not derive much relief in a direct pecuniary sense from occupying these rooms; and, indeed, the secretary to the trustees has lately stated, in answer to some complaints publicly made, that the buildings are not intended for the very poor, but for what may be called the well-to-do workingman, who likes cleanliness and ventilation well enough to live in a barrack for their sake. We think the secretary has proved conclusively that the great majority of the families occupying the buildings do belong to the artisan class, and not to that of clerks and shopmen. But the feeling of disappointment on the part of the public seems rather to be that the whole charity has taken the shape of help to a class who do not absolutely need help. People think that a scheme to find respectable lodgings for respectable families, at fair rents, is not a thing to awaken any great enthusiasm in the mind of the observer. We notice that the secretary says the occupants are subject to no restraint, but are "each as fully master of his own home, at all hours, as if he occupied a dwelling-house in one of the adjacent streets." If this is so, it is a recent improvement. It certainly was not so a short time since. There was a rigid restriction as to the hours when tenants must return home. After a certain early hour the gates of each enclosure were locked, and late-comers were excluded. Practically, therefore, only a sort of model workingman—the Johnny Goodboy of his class—was likely to remain long an inmate of the colony. This, we assume from the secretary's letter, has now been altered. We have little faith in any great good to be done by endeavoring to institute a sort of barrack life for the London workingman, and we fancy much of the disappointment felt in London arose from the mere fact of the scheme having taken that particular form. That Mr. Peabody has done good can hardly be doubted. To provide well-ventilated buildings, with plenty of water, for any class of persons in the east end of London is, *ipso facto*, to do good. But it is only right to make it known that Mr. Peabody's money does not benefit, and is not meant to benefit, the very poor; and that it is laid out in the building of barracks for the occupation of model workingmen.

A HIDEOUS HOLIDAY.

THURSDAY last was a delightful day in Freehold, New Jersey. The Freeholders had a good time of it, according to their tastes. There was a man hanged, and arrangements were specially made by the authorities that the public should have free admission to inspect closely the wretch's dying agonies. In England a public execution used to be a grand treat, better than a race or a lord mayor's procession for the rabble; but in England (which has now abolished public executions) one great drawback to the popular amusement was the great distance at which the spectators were kept from the show. In New Jersey it will be seen that the arrangements were much more liberal. Accordingly, Freehold was overflowing with visitors. The hotels were crowded; the streets were thronged; the crush of carriages was immense. The doors of the theater—we beg pardon, we mean, of course, the jail—were besieged with applicants who wanted an early and convenient place to see the show. The windows looking on the yard where the exhibition was to take place were "packed," one correspondent says, with handsomely-dressed ladies, who sat out the whole performance, and never missed one writhe or struggle of the principal figure in it. Why not? Mary of Scotland looked on at the execution of her impulsive admirer, Chastelard; beautiful women sat for a whole day watching the tortures of Damiens. Some of the Freehold ladies were as spirited as any of their European ancestresses could have been in that way, and took good care not to lose the chance of seeing how a condemned wretch can die. The whole scene was got up in the most edifying manner. The condemned man made it a particular request that there should be no religious ceremony; and, of course, so becoming a wish was promptly complied with. "Leave the name of our God out of this business," says the dying soldier in *Faust;* and we only hope the motives of the New Jersey authorities in leaving out the religious ceremonies were inspired by as manly an anger at the semblance of profanation. The doomed criminal made another special request, which was also granted—a request for some whisky. He prepared himself for eternity by drinking a tumbler or two of whisky, and then declared himself quite ready. He was promptly hanged: the quickness and efficiency of the performance seems to have given great satisfaction to the spectators. The only disagreeable feature of the business seems to have been the rude conduct of some over-eager spectators, of both sexes, who would persist in jostling and clamoring and scuffling, with the hope of getting a better sight than their neighbors. This was the less excusable inasmuch as the liberal arrangements of the authorities, to which we have already alluded, had provided in a remarkable manner for the gratification of all. "Immediately after the weight fell," writes a spectator, "the crowd from without was permitted to enter *without tickets;* and among those that poured in were little schoolgirls and schoolboys, of all ages from six years upward, with satchels and books, who were allowed to gaze without stint upon the refining spectacle." It is thus that the Freehold authorities present their interpretation of the immortal and divine words that begin with "suffer little children!" What comment of ours could add to the horror with which every Christian man and woman must regard the utter abomination of so hideous a scene?

IMPROVEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE POOR.

AMONG the many pithy or witty sayings which are current of the late Archbishop Whately is one to the following effect: "Whatever sins and errors I may have committed during my life, there is one that cannot be laid to my charge—*I never was guilty of giving a penny to a street-beggar.*" We presume that there are few of us that can say as much for himself as this humane and consistent political economist; for his speech, though hard in form, was humane and wise in substance. In the constant assaults made upon all of us by shamefaced or shameless beggary, invaded as we are in our offices and houses and bid to stand and deliver in the streets, we imagine there are hardly any that have not yielded to the momentary impulse of pity, or at worst redeemed his time by submitting to this kind of black-mail. And yet, probably, in no instance have we felt sure that what we had done was the best thing to be done, or been without a suspicion that we had been imposed upon, and only contributed to make bad worse, and perhaps that we had given to the worthless what we would cheerfully have imparted to the deserving poor.

Any of our city readers who may have the sin weighing on their consciences from which Dr. Whately thanked God that he was free we would commend to "the Twenty-fourth Annual Report of the N. Y. Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor." They will there see how they can relieve in some degree the pain which every humane man must feel at the sight of want which he knows not how to relieve, and the claims of which he has no time or perhaps vocation to investigate. He will there learn how this city is districted off for this very purpose into twenty-two divisions, each in charge of a body of volunteer, unpaid visitors, who for the love of God and the poor undertake to visit every family known to need aid or asking it, who will do for him what he could not do for himself, or do much less efficiently. These admirable persons are appointed by advisory committees, one for each district, and these again under the direction of a board of managers, of which Mr. James Brown is the president, Mr. Robert B. Minturn the treasurer, and Messrs. R. M. Hartley and George Griswold respectively the corresponding and recording secretaries. By means of this excellent subdivision of labor, there is no deserving person that may not be sought out and relieved, and very few undeserving ones that can escape the searching test of those well-experienced eyes. Every member can provide himself with tickets which entitle any applicant for charity to have his case examined, and to receive relief in case the examination is satisfactory.

The object of this excellent institution is what its name implies—the improvement of the condition of the poor. It is not designed to supersede the other shapes of public or private charity, but to co-operate with and to aid them. Its purpose is not to keep pauperism in idleness, but to assist indigence to self-support; and this by moral and educational methods, as well as by direct relief. The sturdy beggar and the impotent and helpless poor are remitted to this public provision made for their discipline or their support. Those who, with a little judicious help, can be put in the way of helping themselves are the immediate objects of the assistance of this association. We can cordially commend it to the support of all who wish to diminish the growing mass of indigence by assisting it to rise to a higher plane. The report is a very admirable one, which treats of the questions of poverty and of the true methods of treating it with a succinct fullness of details at which we have not the space even to glance. We hope it will be very widely circulated and attentively read.

The question of pauperism, the proportions of which swell according to those of the greatness of modern wealth, of which it is the shadow, is one that must be encountered, studied, and solved. In England it has taken upon itself a shape so gigantic as almost to appal the bravest and perplex the wisest. This is greatly owing to blunders in the management of the poor for ages which hardly fell short of crimes, at least in their consequences. We have advantages in this country for the observation and treatment of this great subject; which, rightly used, may enable us to avoid the errors of the mother country. And it is consolatory to consider, when we look almost with despair at the corruptions of our municipal government, that within the body politic are these voluntary associations, which are doing the proper work of the authorities, and helping to save us from the mischiefs their neglect or their connivance might bring upon us. And not only this city, but Boston, Philadelphia, and all our great cities, are furnished with like *imperia in imperiis*, to supplement what does not fall within the province or exceeds the law powers of the constituted authorities. We hope that we shall not be accused of "dragging in our peculiar views" if we say that we think that the visitorial force might be at once strengthened and relieved by incorporating with it a due proportion of women, whose natural tact and instinctive discernment of spirits would fit them especially for that field of labor. Such women are even now to be found, like ministering angels, seeking out the sordid abodes of poverty—

> "Where hopeless anguish pours his groan,
> And lonely want retires to die":

and we are quite sure that many such would gladly enlist in this generous service.

Editorial Notes.

WE acknowledge the receipt of a small box of "Grimes's Golden" apples, from S. B. Marshall's Prospect Hill Nursery, Massillon, Ohio. This apple is of medium size, russet complexion, and very fine flavor. The tree is said to be very hardy and productive, as well as handsome.

—The lower house of the legislature of Dakota has passed a bill conferring upon women the elective franchise and making them eligible to office. The senate is expected to ratify this action; and, if it should, Dakota, when she comes into the Union as a state, will have in truth "a republican form of government."

—The sermon on "America's Past and Future," by Rev. Gilbert Haven, which fills so large a portion of our space to-day, we very earnestly commend to the attention of our readers. It is a fine specimen of the sort of "political preaching" of which the people of this country stand in great need. Mr. Haven is one of the most eloquent and powerful preachers in the Methodist Church; and his fine powers and wide culture are all made tributary to that Christian Radicalism which is the glory of the age and the ripest and best result of free institutions.

—*Zion's Herald* (Boston) enters upon a new volume with the new year. It adheres to the quarto form, and expresses itself as satisfied therewith after one year's experience. In its new typographical dress and new heading it presents a very attractive appearance. On its first page is a portrait on wood of Gov. Claflin, with a biographical sketch. The editor promises portraits of other eminent men hereafter, if the subscriptions increase fast enough to warrant the expense. We need not say that the *Herald*, under the management of Rev. Gilbert Haven, is among the best of the religious journals.

—The grants made to railroad corporations of large tracts of the public lands, though justifiable perhaps on public grounds, are yet likely to lead to monopolies which will keep those lands for a long time inaccessible to those who would like to settle upon them. We, therefore, learn with no little satisfaction that the Committee on Public Lands in the House proposes, in future reports favoring grants of lands to railroads, to require that the lands so granted be sold to actual settlers at not over $2 50 per acre, and in tracts of not over 160 acres. But would it not be still better to stop making such grants for the present?

—Several towns in Massachusetts have already placed women on the school committee. This year the city of Worcester has done the same, Mrs. Edward Earle and Mrs. Z. Baker having been regularly nominated for the position. Both are well qualified for the place, and Mrs. Earle (says the Springfield *Republican*) has shown for many years, by her active and wise management of various charities in which she has had work to do, that she is more than equal to the duties of committee woman. She is the wife of that good Friend and good citizen, Edward Earle, who has been, since 1863, a prominent member of the Board of State Charities, and is well known for his large wealth and larger heart. Both Mr. and Mrs. Earle have long been in favor of giving women the right to vote, and now Mrs. Earle is likely to hold office before she casts a ballot.

—Mr. G. W. Smalley, the correspondent of the *Tribune*, is in Madrid, and has written from that city the first of a series of letters on the prospects of the Spanish Revolution. The letter is full of interest, and may be studied with great advantage as a calm and impartial survey of the whole situation by an able and well-informed observer. Mr. Smalley is, of course, disposed to favor the views of the Republicans; but he is far more just toward Prim and his objects than most of our political writers are. Mr. Smalley says, however, that Prim left England pledged to a republic. That, we think, is a mistake. It is not six months since General Prim told the writer of this note in London that he did not believe a republic possible in Spain.

—Rev. Antoinette B. Blackwell sends us a correction of a mistake which she made in her article printed by us two weeks ago, wherein she spoke of the "twelve hundred people of Vineland," whereas she should have said twelve *thousand*. She says: "The incentive which has drawn the people of Vineland together is not woman suffrage, but small fruits, and its beautiful fruit-suggestive name. The specialty of women in agriculture hereafter is to be fruit-culture; hence the relation of the two interests. The mistake of the Vinelanders yet is that they are still giving up their chief profits to the *middle-men*. I hope shortly to hear of their extensive joint-stock fruit depots in Philadelphia and New York, conducted by competent *women*."

—We present to our readers this week a review, by that distinguished philosophical thinker, President McCosh, of Princeton, of Prof. Porter's work on the "Human Intellect." We are especially pleased to see that it indicates so clearly that the great battle between a spiritualistic and a materialistic philosophy must be fought on the question of the corelation of the physical and the mental forces. The great question is whether there is a mind, or whether, as the *Journal of Psychological Medicine* for this month asserts, "the brain secretes mind as the liver and stomach bile and gastric juice respectively. A diseased brain gives a diseased mind, and a diseased liver or stomach produces imperfect bile or imperfect gastric juice." We hope to have still further contributions to the interest and value of our columns from the same pen.

—The *Sun* gives this rather dark picture of the sufferings of traveling lecturers: "When we reflect upon the tough beefsteaks, the corn-coffee, and the leathery buckwheat cakes that the devoted lecturer must swallow in awful haste; when the imagination conjures up the cold and cheerless spare-rooms at deacons' houses, where he is put to sleep in unaired sheets, and where the water is frozen solid when he tries to wash his face in the morning; when we think of the tea-tables, where he is lionized by the old maids of the whole neighborhood, who interrogate him about theology or the last number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, we must cease to look upon his hoard with any feeling but compassion for the dreadful self-sacrifice and the alarming labor by which it is amassed." As caricature, this is not bad; but we suspect that some members of the lecturing tribe could, from their experiences, draw a picture of quite another sort, and more truthful.

—The *Christian Watchman*, the excellent and manly Baptist paper of Boston, sends out its prospectus for the year 1869 in the shape of a *fac-simile*, as to size and size, of the first number of the paper as it was issued on the 29th of May, 1819. It is a four-page sheet, with four columns on a page. The columns are about an *em* narrower than the present columns of THE INDEPENDENT, and in length about two-fifths of this column, making the whole sheet less than one-tenth of the size of this paper. The next will be the Jubilee volume of the *Watchman*, and we wish its excellent conductors abundant success in the appeal which they make for a handsome addition to their subscription list. We have always esteemed the *Watchman* one of the best religious papers among our exchanges—always candid and honorable, as well as decided and firm in its own course, so that we always know where to find it, and, on all but sectarian issues, most commonly find it all right.

—Mr. J. S. Mill has written a letter in reply to an address from the Edinburgh Society for Women's Suffrage, sent to him by Mrs. McLaren, wife of Duncan McLaren, M. P. for Edinburgh, and sister of John Bright. The address expressed the deep regret of the society that Mr. Mill should have been defeated at a time "when we were trusting to your influence in the new Parliament to advance the question of women's suffrage." Writing in reply from Avignon, Mr. Mill says: "Of all my recollections connected with the House of Commons, that of my having had the honor of being the first to make the claim of women to the suffrage a parliamentary question is the most gratifying, as I believe it to have been the most important, public service the circumstances made it in my power to render." Mrs. McLaren having alluded to the part taken by Mr. Mill in endeavoring to arouse public indignation against the perpetrators of the atrocities committed in Jamaica, Mr. Mill declares that the allusion is doubly grateful to him because so many women were cold and unmoved at the recital of the sufferings of the negroes of Jamaica, and pointedly adds that the conduct of such women "affords fresh evidence that the renunciation of masculine intelligence gives no security for womanly kindness."

—Gen. Sibley, commanding in Georgia, has furnished an official report on the reputed disturbances at the Ogeechee River, in which tumultuous and desperate negroes were said to have done such dreadful deeds. General Sibley's report reduces it to a very small affair, indeed. Some negroes were accused of stealing rice; the sheriff went to arrest them, but took fright at the sight of two negroes, and went off to get a posse of 120 men. This band came with him, and began operations by shooting a boy of fourteen in the leg—apparently for nothing. Some other negroes who were near very naturally began to run away, whereat the sheriff's army fired at them, wounding two or three. Then the posse of men retreated to Savannah, and reported a great insurrection of negroes. Gen. Sibley himself went out to the scene of the insurrection, and found about fifty negroes, in great alarm, expecting to be set upon and massacred. Three guns and one bayonet on a stick were all the arms they had. The men against whom the warrants were issued declared themselves ready to surrender, and have since done so; but the sheriff wishes to have some 200 other warrants executed "for insurrection and inciting to insurrection." General Sibley seems to think this an unwise proceeding, and likely to create instead of repressing disturbance. The whole thing was a scare on the part of the sheriff and his men.

—The *World* has been illustrating its hatred of New England, and Massachusetts especially, in a series of papers on pauperism, the statistics of which were evidently compiled as a Kentuckian once said his girls put on their clothes—with a pitchfork! The famous Delmar must look out for his laurels, for the *World* reporter shows a genius for blundering that is truly wonderful. The Springfield *Republican* says:

"In his Delmarian addition he has counted nearly 30,000 persons twice over, while he has included as belonging to Massachusetts more than a dozen thousand who no more belong to us than they do to New York. The true number of persons supported and relieved at the public cost was estimated by the secretary of the Board of Charities in the report quoted as 40,000; but more than half of these were persons receiving but a slight alms for a small part of the year. 'J. B. S.' also gives a wonderful table, in which, by adding half the figures twice over, he gets an average number of 10,223 paupers fully supported, instead of 6,341, the true number, and makes the average weekly cost $10, instead of $2 37. He also discourses gravely about the miseries of our pauper class, and promises more full statistics on the same dismal subject. Before he writes any more letters, he ought to learn simple addition, and the first principles of common sense; or, if that cannot be done, should get some statistical person, other than Delmar, to revise his figures for him. The truth is that few communities in the world provide so well for their poor as Massachusetts does, while perhaps none report so fully on their condition. The very fullness of our statistics is used to convict us of cruelty, whereas it is the evidence of humane care."

—General Horace Porter, of General Grant's staff, has forwarded to Washington an official report of the state of things in Arkansas. The report entirely justifies the action of Governor Clayton in calling out the militia, and describes the Governor as "a man of intelligence and nerve, who has labored under difficulties that would have deterred a less able officer." The many assassinations and other outrages which had taken place previous to the calling out of the militia are referred to; and it is stated that the results of the Governor's policy have hitherto been better than the most sanguine expectations. General Porter points out many advantages which the operation of the militia is believed to have in such a condition of things over that of the United States troops. "The United States troops do not know the people and the country. The lawless behave while the United States troops are in the country, and break out worse than ever when they leave. The militia punishes all the disloyal, and extorts pledges from them to respect the laws. As these people have threatened to break up the United States Government as soon as the United States troops are removed, this teaches them that the state is able to protect itself." General Porter states that the militia has always been under tolerably good control, and that the alleged plundering is the taking of supplies under orders, for which vouchers are given and for which all loyal persons holding vouchers are to be paid. One negro militiaman committed an outrage, for which he was immediately tried, convicted, and executed. The Governor is disposed to relieve each county from martial law as soon as it can be done safely.

—We are sorry we cannot find room to print in full a letter we have received from Rev. F. A. Noble, of Pittsburgh, giving a very interesting account of the colored people's convention lately held in that city. The object of that convention was to assert and secure for colored citizens of Pennsylvania all the rights enjoyed by white men. Rev. Henry Highland Garnett, formerly of New York, now president of Avery College, at Allegheny City, presided; and the proceedings were marked by intelligence, earnestness, and good sense. An address was adopted, in which the injustice of Pennsylvania to her colored citizens was clearly and impressively pointed out. "Sixty thousand and more of her citizens remain upon her soil only to plow and plant it; only to dig out her rich ores; only to labor in building up her substantial wealth; and only to help fight her battles in behalf of the nation, without any recognition or participation in her governing powers, or even the enrollment of her black heroes' names on her state roll of honor. In her courts of law, neither in the bar nor the jury-box; in her halls of legislation, neither in the senate nor the house; at the polls, neither to vote nor to be electors; in her schools, to be proscribed; in her public institutions, always to have our pauperism, insanity, and crime recognized, but never our manhood. We are her friends, and it cannot profit her to keep us weak. We are her laborers, and to keep us fettered is to destroy her productive powers." Mr. Noble, in his letter before alluded to, says: "What has Pennsylvania to say to all this? At her door is a very loud knock for justice and equal rights. Will she open the door? With calmness and dignity, more than sixty thousand human souls ask to be placed on the same platform of privilege as every other soul within her borders. Does Pennsylvania realize that that request puts *her* on trial before the country and before the world; and that the response which she chooses to make, important as it is to her humble petitioners, is of vastly more consequence to *her* than it is to *them?* Why! If there be one state in the Union that, more than any other, ought to blush because she has taken the ballot out of the black man's hands, it is this old commonwealth. William Penn gave him the vote. And for one hundred and seventy-six years after this state was founded the free black man could exercise the right of the elective franchise. From her Independence Hall issued that immortal instrument which strikes down at a single blow all distinctions of race and color, and clothes every man, because he is a man, with manhood. Not until 1839 was it that Southern slavery made the demand, and Northern servility obeyed the behest, that the black man in Pennsylvania should be shorn of his most precious rights. But are not thirty years of disfranchisement enough? Shall prejudice still rule when all pretense of occasion for prejudice has passed forever away? Shall the commonwealth of William Penn forget its own glorious beginning, and insult its most sacred traditions, and mock its holiest memories, and outrage its spirit of freedom, by keeping the heel of its oppression and injustice on the poor, because, forsooth, God has made them black?"

Personal.

ROBERT BUCHANAN has made, in Scotland, a successful first appearance as a reader of his own poems. The Scottish journals speak with special praise of the chivalry, clearness, and expressiveness of his voice.

—Rev. Brown Emerson, D.D., of Salem, Mass., celebrated his 92d birthday last week. He pleasantly remarked that, if he should live a hundred and eight years longer, he should be able to celebrate his two hundredth anniversary!

—Wm. Greenleaf Webster, son of Noah Webster, author of Webster's Dictionary, and who had much to do in the preparation of that work, died at New York on the 1st, inst., at the age of 53, and was buried at New Haven on Sunday.

—Rev. William A. Bartlett has returned from Chicago to Brooklyn. He will be here about two weeks, after which he will go back with his family as a permanent resident of Chicago. Mr. Bartlett is in fine spirits, and speaks enthusiastically in regard to his new field of labor.

—A London dispatch says that news received from Africa confirms the recent report relative to the safety of the great African traveler, Dr. Livingstone. It is said he is somewhere in the vicinity of Lake Nyassa, near the confines of Zanzibar. Owing, it is thought, to the wars between the native tribes, his progress has been impeded, and consequently he has been unable to reach the seacoast.

—The Republican members of the legislature of Pennsylvania have nominated as their candidate for United States senator Hon. John Scott, of Huntington County. He is distinguished at the bar, but not in politics. He was formerly a Democrat; but left his party just before the rebellion, and has since acted with the Republicans. He is a man of high character, and only about 45 years of age.

—Gov. Brownlow, having been elected U. S. senator, has retired from the editorship of the Knoxville *Whig*, a paper which he has conducted for thirty years. It is the fashion even among some members of the Republican party to speak of Mr. Brownlow with not a little contempt, as lacking in every characteristic of the statesman. His style of writing and speaking often offends our taste; but his administration of affairs in Tennessee has shown him to be at bottom a man of rare good sense as well as of indomitable energy. We believe he will do well in the Senate.

—Mr. Colfax, during his recent absence from Washington, went to Troy to visit an old acquaintance and relative—Rev. Geo. C. Baldwin, D.D., the patriarchal pastor of the First Baptist church. He went to church with his old friend, and heard him preach. After the sermon, he entered the pulpit, upon the invitation of the pastor, and made a very beautiful impromptu address, pleasantly recalling reminiscences of his early association with Dr. Baldwin, and recognizing in a graceful way not only the relationship, but the attachment, which exists between them. He also addressed a few words to young men, earnestly enjoining upon them the importance of living Christian lives, and of being governed in all their actions by the principles of strict morality, integrity, and honor.

—We received a call, a few days since, from William E. Hathaway, editor and publisher of that interesting and sprightly paper, *The Friend of Peace*, published in Chicago. He informs us that the Young Quakerism of the West is showing great zeal and energy, and engrafting upon the origidal stock a larger freedom than the denomination has heretofore exhibited. The young people, when they become religious, instead of leaving the body, set themselves to work within it, to give it a new life. The old cry, "keep in the quiet," is less potent than it used to be. The fear of "creaturely activity" and "will-worship" no longer paralyzes the denomination. Quakers at the West do not hesitate to "sing in meeting," if the spirit moves them so to do and they happen to know how.

—John Minor Botts has been prominent in our politics for thirty years. But there is nothing in his history likely to keep his name in the memory of man for thirty years longer. He died on Friday last, at his home in Culpepper County, Va. He was born in 1802, in Prince William County, Va. His parents both perished in the conflagration of the Richmond Theater, in 1811. By profession he was a lawyer; but he preferred the life of a farmer, to which he devoted himself. In politics he was a Whig, and a partisan of Henry Clay, and when in Congress advocated the political measures of that statesman. During the Rebellion he remained neutral, and his farm was alternately raided by the two contending armies. His last public act was signing his name to the bail-bond of Jefferson Davis, in 1867.

—The intelligence of the death of General Rousseau, which occurred in New Orleans, on Friday morning last, was a surprise to the public, for it was only the day before that a report of his illness had been received. General Rosseau was born in Kentucky, in 1818, and had been indebted solely to his own energy and perseverance for his rise in the world. He was self-educated, and was admitted to the bar in Indiana, where he practiced some years. He was a volunteer in the Mexican War, and behaved well as a volunteer officer in the Union army during the Rebellion, and at the close of the war was elected to Congress as a Union man. But his conduct from that time was not such as to gain the respect of Union men. But President Johnson, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, made him a brigadier-general of the army; and, after being appointed governor of Alaska, the President sent him to New Orleans as commander-in-chief there, in which office he died.

—The Boston *Commonwealth's* correspondent at Washington says: "The refusal of the President-elect to allow his children to accept the invitation to the party given by Andy's grandchildren, at the White House, last week, and his avoidance of the usual formality of a New Year's call upon President Johnson with the other officers of the army, by leaving the city to spend the day with friends in Philadelphia, render it manifest that he has at least one of the proverbial characteristics of the Bourbons—he doesn't easily forget. This is, after all, only a touch of genuine human nature. The wrong which is thus grievously remembered consisted not only in the systematic attempt to make it appear that he was a liar, in reference to the surrender of the War Office portfolio back into Mr. Stanton's hands, but the statement to Mr. J. B. McCullough, correspondent of a Cincinnati daily over the signature of "Mack," that the General had visited the presidential mansion in a state of intoxication, which was made extensive use of by the Copperhead press during the recent canvass."

—A Montreal dispatch gives the following account of Mr. Greeley's experience at the skating rink there: "This afternoon it became known that Mr. Greeley would visit the skating rink immediately after his lecture, and a large crowd gathered to see him. Accompanied by the mayor, he visited the rink as soon as the lecture was over. The crowd greeted him with three cheers and a tiger, to which Mr. Greeley replied by removing his hat and bowing several times. At the request of the principal citizens, Mr. Greeley put on a pair of skates and joined the mayor in a race around the rink. The match was for the best three in five, without weights; and the race was won by Mr. Greeley in three straight heats, his honor the mayor falling behind on each occasion, out of respect to his distinguished guest. The immense crowd cheered the victor for several minutes, and gathered about him in such numbers that fears were entertained for the security of the ice, and the police were called to clear the rink and prevent accidents. Notwithstanding the high price of hot-house flowers, more than three bushels of bouquets were thrown at Mr. Greeley during his trial of speed with the mayor. One of the bouquets accidentally fell in front of Mr. Greeley and entangled in his skates, throwing him headlong; but he happily escaped without injury."

—We have published much respecting the life and character of the late Hon. Thaddeus Stevens; but we believe our readers will

a pastoral letter to be
allowing them the privi-
m that one of them which
Hymns suited to the faith
ncatalists; but forbidding
to use the other Evangel-
ys the *Episcopalian*: "Here
food, briars and grass. He
to the prickly bushes, the
rns, and stramonium, and
or I will bring down my
You shall not have grass
self, and so shall you.'"

URCH, BROOKLYN.—At
church held Monday eve-
was voted unanimously to
he Rev. Henry Powers, to
o become its pastor. The
ptly, the same evening,
the call, with a salary
is is prompt action, as it is
ince the pulpit was vacated
artlett, who has accepted
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LLANEOUS.

t the Unitarians have now
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Telescope of last week re-
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arth of such awakenings

s knows a church where
,000, and the contribu-
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port 30 or 40 converts in
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are reported.

neeting in Cincinnati, un-
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t is in his fiftieth year as
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has just commenced a
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church will their gift
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issionary Association.
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N. S. Presbyterians
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N. S.) ask for $35,000
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Southern conferences of the Northern M. E. Church report a net annual gain in membership of nearly 43 per cent. In 1867 they numbered 69,380, and now 102,393.

—The Supreme Court of New Hampshire has decided the controversy between the supporters and opponents of Rev. F. E. Abbot, of Dover, against his friends. He had publicly renounced Unitarianism and Christianity, adopting only Theism. He still holds an occasional service in the city hall, before a meager audience. He is better known to the literary public as an able contributor to the *North American Review* on philosophical subjects.

—The Hon. Schuyler Colfax and his family worshiped with the First Baptist church in Troy, N. Y., on the last Sunday of December; and at the close of the sermon, by the special request of the pastor, Rev. Dr. Baldwin, Mr. Colfax stood in the pulpit and bore manly and eloquent testimony to the infinite worth of Christianity in its relations to all personal and national interests. His address was heard with the closest attention, and made a most delightful impression. Dr. Baldwin and Mr. Colfax are cousins.

—Bishop Duggan, of Chicago, Roman Catholic, refused to attend the late funeral of Dr. Dunne, the vicar-general, who filled his place during his long absence defending himself at Rome. The bishop, it is now asserted, is getting the worst of his quarrel with his clergy; and Dr. McMullen, who went to Rome, supported by the commendation of Archbishops Purcell and Spaulding, is meeting with complete success there, according to private intelligence. If the Roman Catholic Church could be organized as a home instead of a foreign mission, such cases could be decided by the regular church courts.

News of the Week.

GENERAL GRANT has issued an order for the better care of horses in the army.

—In Missouri the senatorial contest is still vigorously carried on by the friends of Gen. Carl Schurz and Senator Henderson.

—Heister Clymer has published a letter declining the honor of the Democratic candidacy for governor of Pennsylvania.

—Postmaster-General Randall has declared himself in favor of uniting the electric telegraph with the Post-office Department.

—In Maine the Republicans have done themselves honor by nominating Hannibal Hamlin as the successor of Senator Morrill.

—The negro difficulties in Princess Ann County, Va., have been settled, and the military forces have been sent back to Norfolk.

—Senator Stewart, of Nevada, received a dispatch on Friday last informing him of his nomination in the Republican caucus for reelection to the Senate.

—The New Jersey legislature organized at noon on Tuesday last. John P. Stockton, it is said, is to be cited as the senatorial successor of Mr. Frelinghuysen.

—Intelligence was received here last week of a severe earthquake which took place in Manzanillo and Colima, in Mexico, on the 29th of December, doing very serious damage.

—Gen. Grant having invited Attorney-General Evarts to dinner on Saturday last, it is assumed by some of the Washington letter-writers that he is to continue in his present office under the new administration.

—Gen. Logan, of Illinois, has taken ground against Mr. Jenckes's Civil Service bill in Congress. He addressed the House on the subject on Friday last, basing his opposition to the measure on its aristocratic tendency.

—Congress passed General Butler's bill for the repeal of the Tenure-of-office act, on Monday, by a vote of yeas 119 to nays 47. It is not expected that the bill will pass the Senate by so large a majority, even if it should pass at all.

—In Pennsylvania the contest for the honor of succeeding Senator Buckalew has been settled by caucus nomination of John Scott, an able lawyer, a Democrat before the outbreak of the Rebellion, and a thorough Republican ever since.

—At a banquet given in Seville, on Friday night last, a telegram was sent to General Espartero, to the effect that, whatever the decision of the Cortes might be, the guests at the table preferred him for the head of the government.

—General Stoneman has issued an order disbanding that venerable Virginia institution, "the Public Guard of the State," which was organized at the beginning of the present century, for the purpose of preventing or suppressing servile insurrection.

—In Massachusetts, since the inauguration of Gov. Claflin, the most legislative event of interest is the late election of a senator; but there does not appear to be any one chosen of in opposition to Senator Sumner, who will undoubtedly be reelected.

—The first day's session of the Peace Conference in Paris, on Saturday, the 9th inst., began auspiciously, and the proceedings indicate that the object of the conference, which was to prevent war between Greece and Turkey, will be accomplished.

—Intimations have been given out that Senator Wilson would have a place in President Grant's Cabinet; "and, if this should prove true, there will be an interesting time in choosing a senator from among the large number of able men who can present strong claims to be his successor.

—The new captain-general of Cuba, Dulce, is striving hard to conciliate all parties by his measures; but his mildness toward the insurgents gives great dissatisfaction to the Spanish party. He has issued a proclamation granting amnesty to all political offenders, whether at large or in prison.

—There is a very excellent organization in New York called "the Society for the Prevention of Gambling," the officers of which report that during the past year more than one thousand clerks were reported to their employers as frequenters of gambling-houses, and over three hundred such places were closed through the operation of the society.

—Sheriff O'Brien, who arrested some of the witnesses who were about to give their testimony before the congressional committee, for investigating election frauds in New York, justifies himself by declaring that "a constitutional officer has a right to arrest persons when he knows they are about to commit perjury."

—Congress is vigorously proceeding with retrenchment measures. Last week they cut off the supply of stationery to the reporters in the galleries, by which a saving of two hundred dollars a year will be effected; but they appropriated for the use of members a supply of pen-knives to the extent of twenty-five hundred dollars.

—An extraordinary event occurred in New York on Saturday last. The European mails had to lie over, owing to there being no mail steamer in port ready to receive them. The severity of the weather had prevented the arrival of the regular steamer of the Dale line, whereby a forfeit of five thousand dollars was incurred to the Post-office Department.

—A Labor Reform Convention has been called to meet in Boston, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 27th and 28th inst. The object will be to explain and enforce the principles of the National Labor Union, and organize a New England Labor Reform League. Wendell Phillips and other less eminent speakers are expected to attend.

—Mr. Frelinghuysen presented to the Senate, on Monday, a memorial setting forth that it is impossible for a Union man to live in certain parts of Georgia, that the murderers of Union men cannot be brought to justice, that intimidation has been used to influence the vote of colored citizens, and asking that some legislation be made to remedy this state of things.

—The New York legislature, which adjourned for a week, assembled again on Wednesday. Since the election of Mr. Younglove as speaker, the whole interest of affairs in Albany has been concentrated upon the election of a senator to succeed Mr. Morgan, whose term expires on the 4th of March. At present the contest appears to be pretty equal between the present incumbent and ex-Gov. Fenton. But the *Tribune* has thrown its powerful influence in favor of Marshall O. Roberts, who was not before a candidate.

Publisher's Department.

OUR BROOKLYN SUBSCRIBERS,

such of them as have heretofore been served by carrier, will hereafter receive their papers through the mail, and will be obliged to pay the regular postage quarterly in advance to the letter-carrier. We shall give them credit for the balance due them on account of carrier's fees.

GREAT SUCCESS IN PREMIUMS.

THE following will show the great popularity of our list of premiums. On the second of January we received orders with cash—according to our published terms—for the following:

6 Worcester's Dictionary,
33 Carpenter's Book,
22 Sewing Machines,
45 Ritchie's Steel Engraving
553 Magazines, of the different kinds offered.

On the fourth of January our orders for premiums were as follows:

9 Worcester's Dictionary,
47 Carpenter's Book,
37 Ritchie's Steel Engraving,
14 Sewing Machines,
300 Magazines.

That will do for two days. We now ask every subscriber, before remitting money to renew his subscription, to look over the premium list, and see if something is not wanted. We expect from present indications to do an immense business this year in premiums. And why not, if we offer better terms than anybody else? If H. B. Claflin & Co. sell calicoes half a cent a yard cheaper than any other house in New York, of course, they will get the business. If THE INDEPENDENT can sell "Harper," "Putnam," and other good magazines for $3, while all the book-stores and news-offices in the country, and even the publishers themselves, charge $4, we expect "considerable activity." A word to the wise is sufficient.

THE GALAXY.

THE publishers of *The Galaxy* announce the remarkable fact that in a single month (December last) their list of subscribers doubled. This is certainly a very great increase for so short a time.

The Galaxy has been before the public three years, and has during that time accumulated a list of subscribers which has now doubled in one month, and is still increasing very rapidly.

The Galaxy has from the start maintained its position as a first-class literary magazine, and is now reaping a rich reward for its determined efforts to not only make a thoroughly good and readable magazine, but to compel the public to acknowledge its position.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY OF BOSTON, by saving the expense of collecting agents, is enabled to give away in its work *all that is given to it*. Economy is its principle. Those who want the *whole amount* of their donations to go for benevolence will find this society's method *just the thing*.

The Independent.

PREMIUMS.

Subject in every respect to TERMS on First Page.

Putnam's Monthly Magazine.

Steadily and rapidly growing in merit and popularity, and a great favorite in tens of thousands of families.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price *$3 50*—and *Putnam's Magazine* one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Putnam*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Putnam's Magazine* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Harper's Monthly.

Always rich, racy, and readable, popular alike with old and young, splendidly illustrated, and worthy of its extensive patronage.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Harper's Monthly* one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Harper's Monthly*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Harper's Monthly* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Harper's Weekly.

A favorite everywhere and with everybody; and all our subscribers, of course, will order it through us at the reduced price.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Harper's Weekly* for one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Harper's Weekly*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Harper's Weekly* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Harper's Bazar,

with its fashion-plates, illustrations, engravings, and minute instructions in regard to all matters pertaining to the toilette, is regarded as indispensable authority in all "good society."

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Harper's Bazar* one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Harper's Bazar*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Harper's Bazar* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

American Agriculturist.

More than a hundred thousand farmers and others take it, and pronounce it first-rate. It is also a great favorite with city gentry, and alike a necessity and a luxury.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and the *American Agriculturist* for one year—price $1 50—to any person who will send us $3 75; or we will send the *American Agriculturist* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of two new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

National Sunday-school Teacher, of Chicago.

Altogether the best, cheapest, and most popular Sabbath-school monthly in America, and worthy of a place in every family. Friends of the young should labor earnestly for its extensive circulation; and, if possible, introduce it into every Sabbath-school class and Bible-class in the nation.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $3 50—and the *National Sunday-school Teacher* (monthly) for one year—price $1 50—to any person (not already a subscriber to *The National Sunday-school Teacher*) who will send us $3; or we will send the *National Sunday-school Teacher* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the name of one new subscriber to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Carpenter's Book,

SIX MONTHS AT THE WHITE HOUSE WITH ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

This book has now a world-wide reputation, and those who desire perfect familiarity with the beautiful life and character of Abraham Lincoln should have it without delay. We have already given away nearly twenty thousand copies, and are ready to send broadcast a hundred thousand or five hundred thousand more.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and "Six Months at the White House"—price $1 50—postage paid to any person who will send us $3; or we will send "Six Months at the White House" as a present to any person who will send us the name of one new subscriber to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Worcester's Unabridged Pictorial Quarto Dictionary.

We will present this great, this magnificent unabridged pictorial dictionary—price $10—to any person who will send us the names of six new subscribers, with the money ($15), or to any person not in arrears who will renew his subscription for eight years and pay us $20. This splendid volume, of eighteen hundred and fifty pages, is becoming more and more popular wherever the English language is spoken, and by thousands it is pronounced vastly superior to any other dictionary in the world. It is worth a whole library of ordinary trash, called books, and should be owned and placed on the center-table for daily consultation and study in *every family*. Our favorable contract with the Publishers enables us to offer it for the trifling effort of obtaining six new subscribers. Reader, if you are destitute, go to work.

RITCHIE'S

Celebrated Steel Engraving of Hicks's famous and beautiful Oil Painting, entitled

"Authors of the United States."

HUNDREDS ALREADY GIVEN AWAY, AND EVERYBODY IS DELIGHTED.

This magnificent, this wonderful steel engraving—size 19 by 35 inches—is one of Ritchie's finest productions, and would be a splendid ornament to hang in any parlor or library in the United States. It contains a good-sized likeness of the following distinguished authors:

IRVING.	BANCROFT.
BRYANT.	PARKE GODWIN.
COOPER.	MOTLEY.
LONGFELLOW.	BESCHER.
MRS. SIGOURNEY.	CURTIS.
MISS SEDGWICK.	EMERSON.
MRS. SOUTHWORTH.	H. B. STOWE.
MITCHELL.	MARGARET FULLER
WILLIS.	OSGOOD.
HOLMES.	CHANNING.
KENNEDY.	MRS. STOWE.
MRS. MOWATT RITCHIE.	MRS. SIGOURNEY.
ALICE CAREY.	WHITTIER.
PHEBE CAREY.	LOWELL.
G. W. KENDALL.	BOKER.
MORRIS.	BAYARD TAYLOR.
LOSS.	MAYO.
TUCKERMAN.	SCHOOLCRAFT.
HAWTHORNE.	MRS. AMELIA WELBY.
SUMMS.	GALLAGHER.
J. P. KENNEDY.	PAULDING.
DUYCKINCK.	BALLECK.
COOKE.	

The lowest price of this beautiful engraving is $14. We have purchased the steel plate, at a cost of $1,500, and now offer to present a copy of the engraving to any person who will send us the names of four new subscribers, with the money, $10, or who will renew their own subscription for four years and pay us $10. The engraving will be delivered at our office, or it will be carefully packed and sent free of charge to any part of the country where there is a post-office—but not further West than Kansas, Nebraska, and Minnesota. We believe this premium honestly to be the most valuable and beautiful present ever offered by any newspaper for four new subscribers. Perfect satisfaction is absolutely guaranteed, *or the money will be refunded* in every case, and to all persons who order this engraving on the liberal terms proposed.

Grover & Baker SEWING-MACHINE.

GREAT PREMIUM FOR 1869

Sewing Machines Given Away BY THOUSANDS.

A MAGNIFICENT OFFER TO Every Subscriber of The Independent.

TO EVERY READER,

AND TO EVERY PERSON

Wanting a Perfect Sewing Machine,

TAKE NOTICE.

GROVER & BAKER'S world-renowned No. 23 Family Sewing Machine, with hemmer and tucker complete, sells for $55, cash. We will present such a machine to any person who will send us the names of TWENTY-TWO new subscribers (see terms on first page), which, at our usual rates, $2 50 each, is $55—*just the cash price of the machine.*

We simply want the names (with the money) of *twenty-two persons* who do not take our paper, and who really subscribe for it; they may be sent one at a time, or all together; they may be at one post-office, or more than one—we are only particular that they shall be *bona-fide new subscribers.* On this liberal offer we shall expect to send one of these indispensable household articles into almost every village in the country.

There are thousands of very worthy but poor women connected with our churches who may be made comparatively independent if they can be furnished with a sewing machine. To obtain it, and easily too, it is only necessary for some friend to make a move. A clergyman writes us that he announced publicly to his congregation that they might be called on to subscribe for THE INDEPENDENT, in order to supply a needy family with the means of self-support—a sewing machine. The object was speedily accomplished, and the family no longer lived on charity. Those who think "charity begins at home" will, of course, need only a slight "stirring up" to induce them to practice their principles in such a good cause.

The best gifts are those that have a permanent value, that do not deteriorate with use, or lose their interest and importance with the lapse of time.

There are very few purchasable *household* articles which retain their value, and all the time yield a splendid interest on the investment; but among them we must put down first a GROVER & BAKER Sewing Machine. This modern miracle, this magic seamstress, with exact eye and tireless fingers, not only repays over and over again in a very short time the money spent in its purchase, but is capable of becoming a small fortune to its possessor.

It is the most valuable gift that a husband can make to his wife, a father to his daughter, the benevolent to the poor, or a congregation to their minister's wife.

It is not only a household assistant, worth the labor of three or four pairs of hands; but it is a life annuity, a perpetual security against absolute want. A clever operator on a GROVER & BAKER Machine can always find remunerative employment, all the more because it accomplishes so wide a range of work.

Any first-class Sewing Machine is good for a gift, and possesses a certain value. But we recommend the GROVER & BAKER, *because it is the best;* because it accomplishes the most and the best work with the least trouble; because the stitch is the most durable, as well as the most beautiful; because it is the only one adapted to all kinds of work, and every variety of material; because it is more simple, more easily understood than others, and requires no delay in rewinding, fastening, and the like.

There are many other reasons which we could give; but these will suffice with the crowning one—that it never fails to give the most entire and perfect satisfaction.

Persons intending to take advantage of this offer, and sending the subscribers' names as they obtain them, will please state in each instance that they are sent on this account.

All subscriptions sent under this offer must begin with the number of the paper NEXT AFTER THE RECEIPT OF THE MONEY.

Remittances must be made by post-office money-order, bank-check, or express (paid).

Address (with full directions how to ship the machines),

HENRY C. BOWEN,
PUBLISHER,
No. 3 Park Place, N. Y.

NOTICES.

THE CENTRAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL, of the Fourteenth-street Presbyterian Church, corner of Second avenue, will celebrate the thirteenth anniversary of its Sunday-school Missionary Association on SUNDAY EVENING, 17th inst., at 7½ o'clock. Addresses by Mr. M. B. Field, the superintendent; Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, and Rev. GEORGE J. MINGINS, of the New York City Mission.

DIED.

SMITH.—In Greenville, Conn., on Tuesday morning, Dec. 29th, 1868, Livingston H. Smith, in the 65th year of his age.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

WILLIMANTIC LINEN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Three Cord Silk Finish

AND

Six Cord Soft Finish

Spool Cotton.

The latter particularly adapted for Sewing Machines, as will be seen by the following certificate from the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Co.:

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.,
No. 625 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK, March 20, 1868.

We beg to call the attention of the public and our Agents to the NEW SIX CORD THREAD of the WILLIMANTIC LINEN CO., which we have thoroughly tested, and found unsurpassed by any other in the market, for use in Machines, and we have always endeavored to furnish our customers with the best. The Willimantic Company has made especial efforts to satisfy us, and expended a Million of Dollars in building and organizing a New Factory. Now, with improved machinery, has achieved a success exceedingly gratifying to us; and furnishes a new Six Cord Thread which we commend to our Agents and all purchasers and users of Wheeler & Wilson and other Sewing Machines.

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.

Geo. S. Moulton & Co.,
Sole Agents in New York,
101 CHAMBERS ST.

COMMUNION SERVICES.

In addition to our extensive assortment of Silver-Plated Ware for family use, we are making a specialty of the manufacture of Communion Ware, in great variety, and of chaste and appropriate designs, liberal terms made with religious societies. Photographs, showing the various styles, will be sent by mail on application.

ADAMS, CHANDLER & CO.,
No. 20 Astor street, New York.

YOU CAN BUY, AT VERY LOW

price, an elegant Silver Plated Tea Set, Ice-Pitcher Set, Coffee Urn, Tureen, or fancy articles in great variety, for HOLIDAY PRESENTS, manufactured in the best manner on their own premises and under their special supervision, by the ELGIN DART MANUFACTURING CO., 5 Barling Slip, foot of John st. The Oldest Plated-Ware House in New York.

WALTER T. HATCH. NATHL. W. T. HATCH.

W. T. Hatch & Son,

Bankers and Dealers IN

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,

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OF THE

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

Chartered by Special Act of Congress.

Cash Capital - - - $1,000,000,

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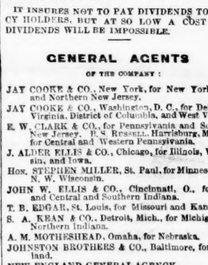

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OFFICERS:

CLARENCE H. CLARK, President.
JA

The Independent.

LES SOEURS DE LA CENDRELLON.

HAD Cinderella sisters twain,
As all the stories say,
And did the minxes flirt and pout
And flaunt their raiment gay?
Then you are surely they, old girls,
Come back to toss your tawdry curls.

You flare along the sober street
With cramped and conscious strut;
Your ribbons are the latest shade,
Your sacks the newest cut;
Your flounces flutter as they should,
Your shoulders droop quite *à la mode*.

I know your faces, pert and coarse,
Your vapid, vulgar stare,
Where just enough of wit looks out
To tell you what to wear.
If Paris hats would only lie,
We might seem Graces, you and I.

But ogle Beauty as you may,
She gives you still the slip;
You thought you bought her with your gown,
But there's that under-lip!
'Tis years and years now, I should say,
Since last the Goddess passed your way.

She fled before your shallow eye,
Your tinsel she disdains;
Your stylish skirts rustle but cheap
Apology for brains;
And now you worship in her place
A fashion-plate with smirking face!

You little school-maid, blithe and frosh,
Who trips unconscious by,
A wholesome color in her cheek,
A sweet light in her eye,
Has caught a charm that you might spare
Your dearest gind, poor things, to share.

Beyond the fields, athwart the west,
The sunset splendors pour;
The misty hills in purples swim,
The river glooms no more;
In thrills of triumph flames the sky
As though a god were passing by.

I turn to look along the walk,
You saunter just ahead;
I barely catch the cackling laugh,
The magpie nothings said,
As aliens, toward the light you go,
Two blots to blur that perfect glow.

When stays and crinoline can think,
And feathers learn to feel,
And jaunty gaiters hide a heart
In each rosette and heel,
Then *you'll* sham interest—who knows?—
In something else than dress and beaux.

As 'tis, that miracle over there
Is lost on you, 'tis plain;
You slip it as unconsciously
As gabbling ducks shed rain.
You play a rather comic rôle—
If 't be not tragic, on the whole!

And when that invitation comes
That never skips a guest,
And you, poor girls, may leave your trains,
Your ribbons, and the rest,
And only have yourselves to take,
How very light a load 'twill make!

Book Table.

PROF. PORTER'S "HUMAN INTELLECT."*

BY PRESIDENT JAMES M'COSH, LL.D.

THE author treats his subject carefully and lovingly. It is evidently his life-work, on which he has spent years of pleasant and profitable labor. We are able to say unhesitatingly and conscientiously that it is worthy of the pains which have been bestowed upon it. It reflects the highest credit on the teacher who has constructed it, and on the famous college of which he is an ornament.

It discusses the whole subject in a thorough and elaborate manner—too much so to make the book popular among superficial readers, but in a way which is fitted to satisfy those who are seeking solid thought and extensive information. The matter appears in three kinds of type. First, the more important definitions, propositions, and arguments are printed in the largest type, in distinct paragraphs, and the paragraphs are grouped, according to the principal topics, in separately-numbered sections. Secondly, the matter which is properly explanatory and illustrative of the leading propositions is printed in smaller type. Thirdly, the historical and critical matter is printed in the smallest type, in which will be found most of that which is especially abstruse and metaphysical. This arrangement has many advantages. The reader may go over the largest print continuously: and as he does so he will feel that he is acquiring a general knowledge of the subject; and he will be allured to dip from time to time into the medium print for explanations and illustrations; and he will be sure to mark in the smaller print special discussions to which he may afterward return. The author is evidently an eclectic in his tastes and predilections, willing to accept of good from every quarter. He follows the method and the spirit of the Scottish School, and is specially indebted to Sir W. Hamilton, who was in the ascendant at the time when he was acquiring his metaphysical tastes and forming his philosophic opinions. But he is also well acquainted with the German philosophy, with Kant, Hegel, Herbart, and Trendelenburg, to whom he often refers in his discussions. There is not much absolute originality in any part of the book; but there is surely originality implied in his being able to present so much heterogeneous matter in a consistent form. The style is always clear; and the nomenclature, if not always so rigidly exact as that of Hamilton, is free from the technicalities and seeming pedantry in which that great metaphysician indulges. Altogether the book is worthy of being placed alongside of any philosophic work which has appeared of late years, in Britain or on the Continent of Europe.

In the introduction he treats of the soul and psychology generally, and of the relations of the soul to matter, of the soul to life, and of the faculties of the soul. His observations on these subjects are sound and judicious; but we could have wished here a more searching criticism of the views advocated by certain living British writers—such as Herbert Spencer, Bain, and Mandesley—as to the correlation of the physical and vital and mental forces. This is the battle-ground, in this age, of spiritualism (of which Dr. Porter is an able defender) on the one hand and materialism on the other. All that is said in the work before us is true and good; but in respect of physiology it does not come up to the wants of the times, which demand, as the most urgent desideratum in metaphysics, a thorough and searching discussion of this whole subject. For the sake of this we could have spared some of the historical notices of the *à priori* German metaphysicians, who twenty years ago had a great reputation, but are now regarded as antiquated in their own country, where philosophy, like Saturn, ever devours its own children.

The Professor adopts the threefold division of the faculties which Hamilton has taken from Kant and introduced into Scotland and the United States. This classification, as it appears to us, requires a careful revision. Hamilton divided the faculties into those of knowledge, of feeling, and conation. But it is only by straining that the imagination, which creates the ideal, can be put under the head of the cognitive powers. And Hamilton is obliged, in carrying out his system, to divide the important faculty of conscience, which is evidently one, into two, and allot one part to cognition (but how different is moral from intellectual cognition) and another to feeling; and in doing so has omitted one of its most essential characteristics, its motive or conative power.

Our author's field is the human intellect. He starts with remarks on knowledge. We are glad to find him saying so distinctly that in all knowledge we know *being*. But he thinks, with Hamilton, that we can know objects only as related to one another. "It is essential to the definition of knowledge not only that we know objects as existing, but that we know them as related. We cannot know even two thought objects as being, without also knowing that the one is not the other." "We cannot notice two leaves without also knowing that the one is not the other." This doctrine of relativity is one fraught with very ominous consequences, which are not looked at in this work. It is used by Hamilton, Spencer, Mansel, Mill, and Bain to establish a doctrine of Nescience intellectual, moral, or theological, which Dr. Porter would repudiate. We think that in its spontaneous exercise the mind first knows individual objects in the concrete, and then relations between them. We know something of each of the leaves before we decide that the one is not the other. No doubt, in our primary knowledge, there is the means of distinguishing them; but the drawing of the distinction is a subsequent act, founded on the primary one. If we take any other view, we are landed in the doctrine that all our knowledge is of relations between objects which are themselves unknown. This doctrine has been conducted to its legitimate consequences by Herbert Spencer, who makes us know only appearances of unknown existence.

He has a fourfold division of the intellectual faculties into the Presentative, the Representative, the Thought Faculty, and Intuition. The phrase Presentative is a very good one, as it denotes that the objects are now present. But the term Representative is more doubtful, as, in fact, the group of powers so designated embraces more than a mere representation of the past—it embraces laws of imagination and association, and gives to us the idea of time; and, if we are to put the conscience in part under the head of the cognitive, it might be difficult to say whether it is presentative or representative. The phrase Thought Faculty is not so good as the Comparative Faculty of Hamilton, which brings out more clearly the function of this group of mental powers. Except we use the phrase "thought" in a very technical sense, not supported by the usage of our standard writers, we cannot deny it of sense-perception and intuition, which are certainly intelligent acts. As to Intuition, we shall see that it is not a separate faculty, but a special exercise of the other powers.

Under the head Presentative he treats, as Hamilton does, of consciousness and sense-perception. In treating of the former we are happy to find him saying: "Of the *ego* itself we are directly conscious." We know two metaphysical writers of Britain, who have of late years fallen back on this doctrine, greatly to the benefit of metaphysics. We are not sure that Dr. Porter sees the full consequences. It is opposed to the doctrine that the mind knows only *phenomena*, as maintained by Kant, and that the mind knows only *relations*, as held by Hamilton; and it undermines the pantheism of Germany.

He has treated the subject of sense-perception at great length, and generally in a very satisfactory manner as regards both psychology and physiology. His doctrine is substantially that of Reid, Hamilton, and the Scotch School; but he illustrates the subject by giving an account of the researches of such men as Weber, Lotze, and Wundt. We have not noticed any reference to the important researches of Helmholtz in regard to the physiology of vision.

His treatment of the Representative Powers of the mind is masterly, being an improvement, as a whole, on the account given by Hamilton. He gives the phantasy—the power of picturing past scenes and absent objects—a distinct place. He has not brought out so clearly as we could wish the fact that the phantasy can represent the cognitions, not only of the senses but of consciousness; and give us ideal pictures of mental experience, for example, in novels and plays. He has entered as fully as any author we have met with into the profundities of the laws of association. He endeavors to establish the general law "that the mind tends to act again more readily in a manner or form which is similar to any in which it has acted before in any defined exertion of its energy." Again, "perhaps both the secondary and the primary rest on the same general principle." These principles do not settle all the difficulties; but they help toward it. We are glad to find that under this head Dr. Porter acknowledges a recognitive power. We know a British writer who has given this power an important place among the reproductive faculties; but Professor Porter never names him, nor does he see all that is involved in this capacity. It is the power of *recognizing an object as having been before the mind in time past*. It is the essential element in memory; and to it we owe the idea of time, which the Kantian and Hamiltonian metaphysicians are so troubled with. It is the commencement of those faith exercises, of the belief in the absent and the distant, which, to our amazement, Prof. Porter has scarcely noticed; though they are as essential to the mind as the senses or as thought. It is of all things important that psychologists should try to clear up the boundaries between knowledge and faith; but this is a subject which our author has avoided.

We cannot speak so favorably of his view of Thinking and Thought Knowledge. We hold that this consists essentially in judgment or comparison. The aim of the psychologist under this head should be to unfold carefully, and to classify, the relations which the mind is capable of discovering. We have always looked on Hamilton's account of these relations as very defective. Professor Porter's is equally so. He says: "First of all, we know it as a being or a something as distinguished from nothing." He thus sums up: "To know by thinking is to unite individual objects by means of generalization, classification, rational explanation, and orderly arrangement; thought-knowledge is that knowledge which is gained by the formation and application of general conceptions." His business should have been to unfold the comparative acts by which we generalize and form the general notion. He dwells, as all the Hamiltonian and Kantian logicians do, on the concept; but he does not see precisely how it is formed out of singular notions, and he fails to distinguish the abstract from the general notion. The short system of logic embedded in this psychology is far too Kantian and Hamiltonian to our taste; much of it is no improvement on the scholastic analysis; and the account given of induction will not satisfy those physical inquirers who have given most attention to the subject and are practically best acquainted with it.

Under Part Fourth he treats of Intuition. The whole discussion is characterized by much ability and considerable scholarship. His defence of intuitive or fundamental truth is always admirable and generally successful. But he does not seem to us to perceive the precise psychological nature of intuition. He treats it as if it were a separate faculty, like the presentative, the representative, and the comparative powers. The Scotch School have never known what to make of common sense, intuition, or fundamental truth, in relation to the other potencies of the mind. Reid, in his Intellectual Powers, first treats of the other powers, and then of reason in its two degrees, the first being common sense. Stewart, in like manner, goes over other powers, and then comes to reason. Hamilton has a glimpse of the truth when he says (*Metaphysics*, Lecture XXXIII.) that in calling the regulative power a faculty the term faculty "is employed in a somewhat peculiar signification." The truth is, intuition is not a faculty to be distinguished from the other powers; but is an exercise of these powers looking at once on the object or truth. The intuition of self and of personality is not an operation of a separate power, but is an exercise of self-consciousness looking directly on self as acting. Our intuition of space is not got from a distinct energy, but by sense-perception looking on an extended object. Our idea of time is obtained by the recognitive power recalling an event as having been before the mind in time past. Our judgment as to causality is obtained by the comparative power looking on the relations of substances acting. It is the same with all our other intuitions; they are simply the immediate perceptions of objects, and of the relations of objects, made by the various faculties. Such are our intuitions, in their individual concrete form, as they present themselves primarily in the mind. In order, however, that they may become general laws and philosophical principles, we must subject them to a process of generalization. In their spontaneous form they cannot err; but in the abstract form into which we put them by a discursive process error may creep in. Hence it is that, though there cannot be mistakes committed by our intuitions, there may be mistakes in our expression of them, that is in our metaphysics. From giving to intuition a place different from that of the ordinary faculties, and separating it so widely from the every-day exercises of the mind, our author has fallen into a good deal of confusion, and greatly weakened his able defence of *à priori* truth. He has many just remarks on the categories, and such subjects as time, and space, and causation; and he has given us some very interesting accounts of the discussions on these subjects by the German and other metaphysicians; but he has failed to give a correct psychological account of the genesis and formation of our intuitive knowledge, beliefs, and judgments.

—We have received the first volume—a huge installment—of Bates's *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers*. This is a work prepared by Mr. Samuel P. Bates, member of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, in accordance with a decree of the legislature of that state. Two successive acts of the legislature authorized and directed the preparation of a military history of the organization of Pennsylvanian volunteers and militia during the late war; the history to embrace an account of "the services in the field of each regiment, together with a roll giving the name, age, and residence of each officer and soldier, the date and term of enlistment, the promotions, discharges, and casualties, and the places of burial of those who died in the service." In June, 1866, Governor Curtin authorized Mr. Bates to begin this laborious work. Great difficulties were thrown in the way by the War Office, at Washington, which refused access to the books and records of Pennsylvania regiments; and Mr. Bates had therefore to go to work in the first instance by applying to and corresponding with the officers who had commanded regiments—whenever he was fortunate enough to find them out. The record has certainly been got together very quickly, thus far, when we take into account the difficulties that impeded it and the labor it imposed; and it seems to us to be well done. The value of such a work is obvious, even if we put out of consideration the natural and becoming pride which the people of Pennsylvania must feel in recording the services of their brethren in the great war. The future historian will find his labor greatly lightened, and the fidelity and accuracy of his narrative guaranteed, by the existence of such records as this. Military history is, above all others, so complicated and perplexed, so liable to perversion and misinterpretation of detail according to the light from which each observer looks across the field, that it is only by the collation and comparison of every description and record which bears any stamp of authenticity a just appreciation of facts and their relative importance can ever be obtained. The record of the part played in the great civil war of America by Pennsylvania volunteers will certainly count for something in the making of our history.

—*How Not to be Sick* (Hurd & Houghton) is by Dr. Albert J. Bellows, and is a sequel to his *Philosophy of Eating*. Great part of the book may be set down as debatable—all the chapters, for instance, which are merely a vindication of the principles of homeopathy against the assault of Dr. Oliver W. Holmes. On this question we give no opinion. But that large portion of the work which deals with dietary and clothing is deserving full confidence and high commendation. It is good sense put into clear language. Dr. Bellows is sometimes rather careless about the accuracy of his style—not always, indeed, avoiding downright errors of grammar; but the soundness of most of his advice in dietary and dress is unassailable. The advice is sometimes much better than the reasoning used in support of it. Dr. Bellows condemns the use of tobacco, and the employment for curative purposes of nauseous drugs; and he is quite right. But when he gives, as an illustration or argument to support his view, the fact that "a child with unperverted tastes" will at once reject an offensive article of food, he forgets that a child with unperverted tastes will probably protest with the energy of equally lusty screams against having its face washed. Illustration, indeed, is always a dangerous two-edged weapon to use in any controversy—more especially in one which involves a scientific question.

—*The Empty Orib*, A Memorial of Little Georgie, with words of consolation for bereaved parents, by Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, (R. Carter & Brothers, New York). Not alone the immediate personal friends and the parishioners of Mr. Cuyler, but the yet larger army of our readers whom he has guided and enheartened with his repeated words of wisdom and consolation, have sympathized with him and his in the great sorrow that was sent to them last spring. We could wish that this touching memorial of Little Georgie might be read by all who at that time felt their hearts moved by the story of his death. But this beautiful volume is not a mere memorial; it is much more, and will find a welcome (indeed, it has already) in many a household in which loved ones, touched by "God's finger," have fallen asleep. We find in it letters from such men as Newman Hall, Gov. Buckingham, Ray Palmer, and others, whose names are in repute in the churches, and whose tender words of grief for their friend's loss are spoken in loving sympathy with the whole multitude of mourners. To such this little book is addressed, and to such it commends itself without need of our heartfelt God-speed.

—There are so few that love the Hebrew language that we fear that *The Hebraist's Vade Mecum*—an English publication, imported by John Boyd, New York—will not find many purchasers. Still, every student who wishes to secure a critical knowledge of the language ought to add this cheapest of all Hebrew concordances to his library. It gives under each word all its grammatical forms, including all those with conjunctional prefixes and pronominal affixes; and gives—though without quotations—references to every passage where they are found. If there are as few errors in the ten thousand references as in the Hebrew words it is a marvel of proof-reading. We only regret that, if it was necessary to give the pronunciation in English letters, a more scholarly system was not adopted. This volume is really a condensed form of the *Englishman's Hebrew Concordance*, which with the *Englishman's Greek Concordance* are monuments of painstaking scholarship.

—*The Woman's Advocate*, a monthly journal, Vol. I, No 1, for January, has just come to our table. It is an octavo of 62 pages, on fine paper and clear type, and the contents are worthy of the cause to which it is devoted. It contains articles by Frances Dana Gage, Henry B. Blackwell, Charles K. Whipple, Frederick Douglass, J. W. Chadwick, Richard J. Hinton, Kate Field, W. J. Linton, George S. Burleigh, Antoinette Brown Blackwell, Lucy Stone, Phebe A. Hanaford, and Mary J. Safford. The editor and publisher is Mr. Wm. P. Tomlinson, 39 Nassau street, whose enterprise in starting such a periodical is worthy of encouragement. There need be no fear that *The Woman's Advocate* will lend itself to advance the designs of any adventurer, party, or clique; or that it will be anything else than a frank, outspoken, earnest champion of woman's cause.

—The *Home Journal* knows nothing about politics; it does not throw any unpleasant principles in peoples' faces; it believes religion to be a good and fashionable thing, to be accepted and not discussed; but it does know all about the trifles that interest "society"; it touches lightly on fashionable literature, fashionable art, and fashionable music; it has the *entrée* to all the fashionable parties and entertainments; it has seen the resplendent diamonds with which Mrs. H. T. Helmbold dazzled the eyes of her New Year's visitors; it hears from blushing maidens the confidences of their "engagement," "an', faith, he'll prent it!" In short, if there is anything going on in upper-tendom which the *Home Journal* does not know, it is safe to believe it not worth the knowing. Stories well suited to its market fill up the rest of the hand-some sheet.

—From Clarke & Co. (Chicago) we receive *Cecil's Books of Natural History*, by S. H. Peabody, M.A., which contain in three neat illustrated volumes much useful information about beasts, birds, and insects, and the characteristic habits of various species, with occasional apt quotations from poets and naturalists. What could be a better motto for a child's book of birds than those lines the author has chosen from Coleridge:

"Sometimes a dropping from the sky
I heard the sky lark sing:
Sometimes all little birds that are
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!"

We hope Cecil and Grace, to whom the series is dedicated, will learn the whole poem, and the lesson of love to "man, and bird, and beast" which its writer, as well as their friend, Mr. Peabody, would enforce.

—Deutsch's *Hebrew Grammar* (Leypoldt & Holt, New York) is a peculiar one. It is filled with exercises for translating English into Hebrew, as well as Hebrew into English, and thus seems primarily intended for the use of Jews who wish to gain some colloquial command of their sacred tongue. At the same time, the exercise of such translations would be a fine one for any one who wishes to be certain of what he knows. The immense number of Hebrew grammatical terms is quite bewildering to one who is familiar only with the *Mikra* and *Mi'el* of Stuart or Rödiger. The principles of the grammar are well and briefly expressed, but not with unnecessary minuteness. On the whole, it is a very valuable manual for a beginner, especially with its appendix of a chrestomathy and vocabulary.

—James S. Claxton (Philadelphia) publishes *Snowstorms and Sunbeams*, by the author of *Mary's Mistake*, which contains the simple story of a child's winter holidays, and her efforts to do good; and *A Noble Sister*, by Mary A. Denison, as well as *Orphan Annie*, by the same author. Both of these stories, like others we have seen from the same pen, show considerable talent, and seem written with the purpose of pointing some moral. This they do successfully; but there is a little too much clap-trap about them, too many startling incidents, and their heroes and heroines have that decided leaning toward perfection which, though common enough in print, does not fall under our observation so frequently in private life.

—A 16mo Hebrew lexicon of less than three hundred pages cannot be very full, and it is difficult to imagine what use it can subserve. But Bagster's *Hebrew English Lexicon* (John Wiley & Son, New York,) compacts as much information as possible into that space. Under each root are collected its derivatives, which for convenience are also found in their alphabetical place in the book. The large number of rare grammatical forms also inserted will help the student. The definitions are brief, no references are given except in the case of *apax legomena*, and the whole is exceedingly accurate.

—The *American Law Review* for January has a remarkable article on the confinement of the insane; remarkable inasmuch as it goes straight against the general feeling on that subject at the present time—the feeling which may be described as that of the Charles Reade school. It goes, we think, far too long a way in the other direction; but is well worth reading and thinking over. The general contents of the *Law Review* are varied and valuable.

—*Littell's Living Age* long ago achieved an enviable reputation. In Massachusetts, where a considerate statute allows the members of the general court a certain number of periodicals, its four or five hundred legislators never fail to put *Littell* on the list of papers necessary to inform their political ignorance. Once a week it skims the cream of a very large dairy.

—*The Christian Examiner* for January (James Miller, New York,) discusses a variety of interesting topics. The principal writers are Rev. James Freeman Clarke, Rev. A. P. Putman, Rev. H. W. Bellows, Rev. W. R. Alger, and Rev. J. H. Allen.

—*Wishing and Seeking* (Claxton, Philadelphia,) is a little story of which the best we can say is that it means well and has a good spirit in it. Literary merit it has none.

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Vol. I., No. 1, of
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contained the sermon of Sunday, September 20th, 1868, the first of the Plymouth Church services for the year. Each volume will contain twenty-six numbers, being one sermon each week for six months. The subjects of those already published are as follows:
No. 1.—THE DUTY OF USING ONE'S LIFE FOR OTHERS.
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No. 3.—THE NOBILITY OF CONFESSION.
No. 4.—SELF-CONTROL POSSIBLE TO ALL.
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But the strongest and the best testimony to its attractiveness comes from its youthful readers. From very many letters of similar character the following are selected as expressing in a variety of forms the general and hearty interest which the Magazine awakens:

MADISON, December 5d, 1868.
I have taken "Our Young Folks" ever since the first number made its appearance, and I would sooner go without my dinner every day than lose a single number; it is meat, drink, and lodging for me.

FOX DE LAC, WIS., May 13th, 1868.
To the Editor of "Our Young Folks":
I am a member of a class in school which uses your Magazine for a reading book, and we have taken so much pleasure in our reading exercise that we determined to write and tell you how much we enjoy it. You cannot think how tired we used to be of the political speeches and all sorts of dry reading in our old readers. We dragged along in them for the first two or three terms of our school, until our teacher asked us how we would like to have "Our Young Folks" to read in. We all thought we should like it very much, and decided to have it; and now, after a term's trial, we are prepared to say that we are much pleased, and really thank you. We look forward with real pleasure to the time of our reading class now, and we can hardly wait for the new numbers to reach us. Yours, gratefully, for the whole class.

COLDWATER, MICH., Oct. 12, 1868.
I wanted so many new books and tools this year, I thought I would try and get along without "Our Young Folks"; but I can't do it. I am lame, and cannot go off and play with the other boys; so I must have my old friend again.

FARIBAULT, MINN., Sept. 21, 1868.
My little boy took your incomparable Magazine for two years. But this year I was not able to get it for him at the beginning of the year; at this late day I can get it. I think your Magazine the best that I have seen, and hope to send for it earlier another year.

HERMANN, MO., Nov. 20, 1868.
* * * My brother has given me the first and second volumes of "Our Young Folks." I like these so well that I want to own them all, and have tried to earn money enough to pay for them. I have found it a hard job, as money is not as plenty as work; but I have succeeded now, and I mean to keep on taking "Our Young Folks" as long as it is published, which I hope will be for a long time.

PAINTED POST, N. Y., Nov. 24, 1868.
We find your excellent Magazine indispensable in our family.

TOLEDO, OHIO, Nov. 18, 1868.
DEAR SIR:—I wish to renew my subscription for "Our Young Folks" for 1869. My little brother is perfectly delighted with it, and his delight is shared by the whole family. * * *
Yours most respectfully,

UTICA, N. Y., Dec. 7, 1868.
MESSRS. FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.:
My little son has been a subscriber to your excellent Magazine ever since the first number was issued; and he would as soon think of going to bed without his supper as of being deprived of the pleasure the Magazine affords him. * * *

BLOOMINGTON, ILL., Dec. 1, 1868.
We enjoy "Our Young Folks" so much we feel as though we could not get along nicely without it. Many a lonely and sick hour has been passed pleasantly by its help, and I think it improves all the time.

The following extract from a letter to the Chicago *Tribune* includes additional testimony to the popularity of the magazine among its readers:

"It is very interesting to step in, of a morning, to the publishing house of Fields, Osgood & Co., to see what the mail has brought them from the patrons of a single one of their periodicals—'Our Young Folks.' This juvenile magazine has achieved a most substantial success. Its present circulation is fifty thousand copies, and the rate of increase was never more rapid than now. The prospectus for the new year, with the promise of papers of juvenile science by Mrs. Agassiz, practical instruction by Edward E. Hale, adventurous biography by Mr Parton, and so forth, and the specimen number issued for January, with the beginning of Mr. T. B. Aldrich's wonderfully taking 'Story of a Bad Boy,' have given the present impetus to subscriptions. But I began to speak of the examination of the morning mail. This brings, at this time of year, an average of 500 letters daily to this department of the store—a pile very formidable on the desk, and requiring several hours of steady labor to attend to. The children themselves write most of the letters; and it is exceedingly curious to see the quaint epistolary methods, and the odd phraseology, which these young folks pick up in their early essays at business correspondence. A remarkable large portion of them come from the Northwest; almost every town in Illinois, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan is represented in one morning's mail. One enthusiastic youngster in Madison, who has had every number from the beginning, says he would rather go without his dinner any day than miss a number, and that he values it as 'meat, drink, and lodging'; a little girl in Peoria, more circumspect in her language, says 'many a lonely and sick hour has been passed pleasantly by its help, and I think it improves all the time; while the next letter is from a boy in Dubuque, who does not mince his words, even with pen and ink, but says, 'I think it is a bully magazine.' Really, the little monthly deserves all the kind things said of it by its friends, old and young; and its growing popularity, while it steadily adheres to its plan of developing a taste for the very best literature, is one of the most gratifying signs of the times, so far as the rising generation is concerned."

Good as "OUR YOUNG FOLKS" has heretofore been, its value for the present year will be greatly increased by the prominence given to *practical* and *instructive* features: to Biography, History, Industrial Subjects, Scientific Articles of a popular yet thoroughly reliable character, Gardening, Declamations, Dialogues. Special attention is invited to the following outline of the leading features of

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will be the leading Serial Story in "OUR YOUNG FOLKS" for the year 1869, and promises to be one of the brightest and most entertaining stories ever written for youthful readers.

GARDENING FOR GIRLS.

Farm and Garden.

FRUIT AS FOOD.

At the Fruit-growers' Club of New York, Jan. 7, Dr. Holbrook, of *The Herald of Health*, read a very interesting address on the above subject, urging the use of fruit as an article of diet, and a less use of animal food. We have not room for the address, but took the following notes of the discussion which ensued:

JOHN CRANE.—From my own practical experience, I indorse all that is contained in that address. In my boyhood days I used to eat apples freely; but recently I have been attending to the cultivation of small fruit. Strawberries are one of God's best gifts. If it were not for them I could not stand the winter. During that season the system becomes filled with bile, and a person loses his appetite. Physic apparently does no good. Then it is strawberries come in, and there is no medicine to set the stomach right half so good as those. When they first come I sit down in the field and eat until I think I must have eat half a bushel. They taste so good. They are good, too, for rheumatism. Fifteen years ago I took a boy from a blacksmith's shop to work for me—a scrawny, chapped fellow. I put him into the strawberry field picking, and before the season was ended the influence of that fruit ate on him produced so favorable a change in his former employer did not recognize him.

MR. COCHRANE, of Illinois.—Dr. Warder, our great Western pomologist, said once there was a certain locality in the West where every family within 300 miles had the fever and ague, save one. This family had come from the Eastern States; and further inquiry revealed the fact that they had brought with them one barrel of cider, of which they frequently drank, thus unconsciously protecting themselves against the miasmatic dangers of a new country. When Ross's party in search of Sir John Franklin came near the border of James Bay, their health began to give out, and they were seriously affected with scurvy or some scorbutic disease. Fortunately, they came upon some wild raspberries, which grew in great abundance, and feasted upon them for two weeks. Every one of his force recovered completely from the attacks of the disease. The eating of the fruit proved just the remedy.

DR. HALLOCK.—The use of fruit as food is a thing to be encouraged. Dr. Gregory used to eat two slices of onions cut up in vinegar at each dinner, and declared it of most excellent effect. The truth is, man requires for food the best of both kingdoms—the vegetable and the animal.

JOHN CRANE.—I have been raising strawberries extensively for many years; and many of my customers depend so much upon them that, if they did not get any, it would be a perfect physical misery to them.

DR. WOOD.—Six years ago I attempted to carry out this theory of fruit entirely for food. For six months I ate nothing but the different varieties of fruit. It was rather hard at first; but I became accustomed to it, and at the end of that term never felt better in my life. From my experience I think that the more fruit we use the less we shall have occasion to use physicians, for I am well convinced of the benefit of such a practice. Fruit, too, supplies thirst, the natural juices alone supplying sufficient water. A friend of mine came from Boston, completely broken down by hard and protracted labor. He commenced a judicious use of fruit, and to-day he claims to be one of the strongest men in New York city.

J. D. WILLIAMSON.—I have enjoyed an experience of over twenty-eight years in South America, and a man's life there is almost entirely on fruit. The Spaniards have a saying, "An orange in the morning is *gold*; at noon, *silver*; at night, *lead*." By which is meant that oranges should always be eaten in the morning. A man may eat fruit there all day: in the morning, an orange or two; at noon, guava, a pineapple, a mamee apole; at dinner, touch no fruit at all. During all my time there, with many engineering corps under my charge, I never lost a man who made a practice of eating fruit during the day. In fact, my men were constantly plucking the guava, from morn till dinner-time. At one time we were situated for twenty days on the edge of a morass, with water all around us and a miasmatic atmosphere; but the free use of the fruit saved us, and nothing else could have done it.

MR. D. B. BRUEN, Newark, N. J.—For a long time I was a great tobacco-chewer; loved it mightily. One day I went into my garden, 10 miles grape-vines. As I came it occurred to me that I was using an article loath ome in any form, which even the beasts of the field or the fowls of the air would not touch, while right before me was a bunch of grapes, luscious to my sight. I threw out the filthy quid, took the beautiful grapes, and from that day to this have never desired to take back the exchange.

H. T. WILLIAMS.—It is a common practice for city business men to eat a hearty breakfast in the morning, and take their full dinner at night, making a lunch of what is left over from breakfast. This lunch is often a pretty good meal; and in course of time the system gets clogged up. Now, I have found by experience that the simplest food is the best. I prefer a plain bowl of bread and milk of fruit by with an apple for lunch. The effect has been, that I would think I have not been sick but once in ten years. It is probably remembered by many that five or more years ago there was a boat-race against time by a man who left New London, rowed all alone through the Sound, and up the Hudson River. His diet was entirely fruit. Peaches, and milk, I have often said that, if a person can have a plenty of good sound sleep, he is capable of any amount of work, day or night. I find that cider has a tendency to produce sleep. We use vinegar on our tomatoes and salad, and I find it does me more good than all the pills in creation. I find, too, that there is another simple preventive against many human ills—"keep your mouth shut." If a person is living or traveling through a fever and ague or miasmatic locality, and keeps his mouth shut and breathes through his nose, he is not half as liable to contract fever. Nearly every winter some one loses half a dozen or more colds. By my practice I have had but two slight colds in the last three years. But fruit is by far the best corrective of many of the ills of the human system.

MR. COCHRANE.—There is an old saying that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison." Now, if we will consider this, we can settle the power of fruit. It is a common saying that the mind makes the man; but in truth it is the stomach. This is the great laboratory of the man, and the brain also. A man is what he eats, not what he thinks he is. I would not diet a man on strawberries who is to fight on the battlefield of Waterloo. Many different constitutions require different diets. Dean Swift once ate a good many golden pippins and it almost killed him; hence it is necessary to inquire what are the *circumstances* which require a diet of fruit. Tomatoes are known to have medicinal properties, but they are no greater than those of other fruits; the sole difference is that they are more generally known for this particular value.

A. M. POWELL, *Anti-Slavery Standard*, N. Y.—Many persons get sick at first from using fruit. It is not the fault of a fruit because it is injudiciously used; but, rather, more depends upon regular habits. Fruit now has no regular place, save at the tables of the rich. It is hardly to be expected to get great results when a family use fruit but once a week; and that, too, not on the table, but midway between the meals. This might often create a liability to sickness. It is important that there should be regular habits in the use of fruit. With such a use it will be not only a genuine luxury and luxury, but also of general happiness.

J. D. WILLIAMSON.—I remember the case of one poor fellow, deathly sick with the yellow fever. The doctor gave him up. He kept crying for water; the nurse refused it. At last, one moment when the nurse had left the room, the fellow rushed to the corner of the room, where lay two large watermelons. Breaking them open, he ate the crimson inside. He returned to his bed, and lay down to sleep. In the morning the doctor came, expecting to find his patient dead; but was surprised to see that he was making fast advances toward recovery. Finding that the watermelons were the sole cause of the favorable change, he bought a load of a street-seller, sent them to the hospital, where six others were almost dying, placed them alongside their beds, and bade them help themselves. They, too, experienced a favorable change, and all recovered. At Lima and at Callao more than eighty per cent. of the patients are cured by the simple use of fruit.

MR. MARTIN, Mercersburg, Pa.—I have a fruit-farm of over four hundred acres. I was once a butcher, and ate flesh. I commenced a fruit and vegetable diet. The change at first, combined with my hard labor, and the fact that my soil was poor, nearly broke me down. But I gradually recovered. I continued to plant trees, and to use fruit as food; have abandoned the use of all animal food; have no use for medicine or doctors, although formerly my bills for these items were very heavy. I would not go back to meat for the world.

NOTE BY AGRICULTURAL EDITOR OF "THE INDEPENDENT."

We endorse all that has been said in the above discussion, and are only too glad to have the opportunity to introduce to the notice of the agricultural public a subject of so much interest and value. We believe, however, that man was not made to live upon one exclusive system of diet. We think a combination of both meat and fruit the best. The culture of fruit has always been counted one of the noblest and most pleasant of human employments; but most of our fruit-growers are occupied only with thoughts of the *profits* of their sales. The public impression is that fruit is raised simply to contribute to the pleasure of the palate—that fruit is a beautiful, sweet thing as long as the taste is on the tongue, but when it is down its virtues are lost. How good it is that there is a greater value still than this—viz., in giving *health* to all who eat. And how excellent are the arrangements of Providence, which allow one class of men to work solely for profit, another to eat for pleasure; and yet, unknowingly, all are contributing to the human system one of the noblest blessings it could possibly ask or receive.

RURAL ITEMS.

HOW TO BUILD AN ICE-HOUSE.—The suggestions below relative to constructing ice-houses will be valuable to many of our readers:

A building eight feet high, and eight by twelve on the ground, would doubtless be of sufficient capacity for supplying four families and allow one-fourth of the ice to go to waste.

Many persons build ice-houses by placing the sills directly on the ground; but our experience is that the ice will keep better if the building is entirely supported by upright posts, which we would prefer to have imbedded in charcoal. This allows a free circulation of air under the building, and provides for suitable drainage. The only difference between building an ice-house and any other building is that it must be a double building—one inside of the other—at least as far as the walls are concerned.

The space between the walls will depend upon the efficiency of the non-conductor used for filling: if it is to be pulverized charcoal, six inches would be sufficient; but if sawdust or spent tan-bark is to be the material, then a foot would be the proper distance. The roof may be made double, like the wall; but it is a cheaper plan to make a floor across from the eaves, which may be covered on top with loose saw-dust. If this plan be adopted, the walls of the gable-end may be single, and a door can be cut through one of them and through the floor across from the eaves, through which the ice can be passed into the building. It is well to divide off a few feet on each end of the building for a cooling room for milk, or a room for keeping fresh meat and vegetables. The doors to the building into and out of this room should be double, like the walls, and may be either fitted with heavy hinges or made to slide. An ice-house should be opened but once a day, which should be as early in the morning as possible.

SUNFLOWER SEED.—The seed of the common sunflower is greedily eaten by all poultry, and serves to fatten them more rapidly than any other grain. The plant is as easily grown as Indian corn, equally prolific in yielding quart for quart, and more or less of it should be grown by every one who rears fowls. It may be planted in poor or worn-out soil, in out-of-the-way places, fence-corners, and the like, and yet produce abundantly.

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GAPES IN POULTRY.—A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says that salt is a certain preventive of this disease. He assists the corn-meal dough, and has raised over two hundred chickens a season without losing one from gapes or any other disease.

VALUE OF TOADS.—Every gardener should know that the common toad, which lives upon insects, is the best protection he can have against these depredators. In England they are highly prized and imported by thousands for this purpose.

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Financial & Commercial.

THE NATIONAL FINANCES

PROBABLY at no time since the termination of our Revolutionary War has the financial condition of the country been so much a subject of discussion among our publicists, our legislators, our journalists, and our professional financiers as at the present time; and we are very confident that at no time during the same period have the people—the business people, the manufacturing, trading, farming, and laboring people—been better satisfied with the existing condition of financial affairs than now. Labor was never so well rewarded as it is now, our farmers were never more prosperous, and the business community was never in a sounder condition. We make these broad assertions with a perfect understanding of what they mean, and with a full knowledge that our Chamber of Commerce, and the greater part of our public speakers attempt to maintain a very different judgment—or, at least, make widely differing assertions.

But there are certain irrefragible tests of the financial condition of a country, to which we appeal for the justification of our opinions. We will not take the reports of our Secretary of the Treasury; nor of his assistants and coadjutors, Mr. Wells and General Spinner; nor the speeches of the highly-respectable gentlemen who enforce their views by grave resolutions in the Chamber of Commerce. We cannot deny the respect to which they are entitled; but they have a theory to maintain, which they have either learned out of books or received by tradition, and they pay very little attention to patent facts when they conflict with their cherished financial ideas. They assume that coin is essential to wealth, and that there can be no real prosperity without a currency based upon bullion in bank vaults. At a meeting of our Chamber of Commerce, last week, one of the most eminent merchants among its members, in a speech which he made preliminary to a series of resolutions recommending Congress to adopt measures for the enforcement of specie payments, said: "Everybody knows that specie payments are necessary to finance." But, if there is anything of which everybody must be perfectly well convinced, it is that specie payments are not necessary to finance. What have we been doing the past eight years, while our financial operations have been a thousand times larger than they ever were before, if specie payments are necessary to finance? What have our national banks been about; how did we successfully carry on the most stupendous and costly war that any nation ever engaged in; how have we paid our debts, maintained our credit, built our railroads, improved our lands, increased our population, imported foreign merchandise, consolidated our national interests, provided employment for ten thousand immigrants a week who flocked hither, and who continue flocking hither from the specie-paying countries of Europe, to better their condition, if specie payments be necessary to finance? England and France have undergone tremendous financial revulsions since we have been doing business with an exclusive paper currency; whilst we have been exempt from financial troubles. We have not suffered in this country from any such financial disasters as the failures of Overend, Gurney & Co., and of Sir Morton Peto's firm, in London, or as the depreciation in the value of Credit Mobilier shares in Paris.

If specie payments are necessary to finance, why then it is very clear that finance is of very little importance to our national prosperity. If we have got along for eight years why, may we not for four years more?

The true test of the financial prosperity of our people is in the earnings and dividends of the great corporations which furnish the facilities for the transportation of merchandise and passengers, and of the banking companies which furnish exchange and currency for the trading community. Our banks, our insurance companies, our railroads, our canals, our steamship lines, our miners, our manufacturers, our farmers, and the planters of the South, have never at any period in our history been so prosperous as they are now. The one interest which is said to be in a bad condition is our shipping interest. But that is exceptional, and more apparent than real. The shipping interest is in a highly prosperous condition, but the ships that do our business are mainly owned by foreigners. It is an eye-sore to us all, and a constant source of irritation to our national pride, to see the fleet of magnificent steam-propellers which daily arrive in our harbor and depart for Europe bearing the national ensigns of France, England, and Germany. But, though these vessels do not sail under our flag, the profits of the commerce they bring us are our own. Our laws prohibit the purchase of a foreign-built ship by an American citizen; and, as we have not yet learned the art of constructing iron propellers, which are the most economical kind of steamships, we have no choice but to permit the foreigners to transport our ocean freight for us. Foreign nations have given subsidies to the builders of steamships to enable them to establish lines to New York; but the short-sighted policy of our Government has denied all such assistance to our shipowners, which prevents them from competing with foreigners. There are lines of iron steamships running between New York, London, Bremen, Hamburg, and Havre; but they were all built in England. The merchants of France and Germany may purchase their ships in England; but our merchants cannot. The law forbids.

We have seen innumerable complaints by public speakers and newspaper writers about the decay of our shipping interests; but have never seen any mention of the real cause of the misfortune. It is attributed either to the high tariff on iron or to our greenback currency. But these causes have nothing to do with the matter. The duty on iron does not prevent Mr. Stewart from building a store which contains enough of that metal to build a whole fleet of steamships. Raw silk may be imported free from duty; while all manufactures, except in the shape of buttons of that material, have to pay a duty of sixty per cent. Yet we do not manufacture our silk fabrics, because we have not yet learned how.

Our greenbacks are made the scapegoat of all the legislative errors which affect our commerce and for all the disasters which are the natural result of incompetent management or reckless extravagance. But the great body of our people are fully convinced of the utility and beneficence of an abundant currency, which serves them perfectly as a representative of values, which is of equal value in every part of the country, and which can never lose its value, because it is based upon the existence of the nation, and can never be withdrawn from them by a demand from abroad. Notwithstanding all the complaints that are made about our worthless currency, we have never yet heard of an instance of anybody's complaining of having too much of it. It can just as readily be converted into gold or silver as into lead, or pork, or houses and lands.

There is but one difficulty about our greenbacks. There is not enough of them. They grow scarcer every day; and Congress should authorize the issue of an amount equal to that which the Secretary of the Treasury has canceled or withdrawn from circulation.

We must frankly avow our satisfaction with the present financial condition of the country, and trust that it may long continue, as there is very good chance of its doing. There is a very promising state of affairs in Washington. The Government has no policy of its own; the President enjoys the great felicity of being a party of one in his financial principles; the Secretary of the Treasury has his own individual views, which he has clung to with remarkable tenacity since the utterance of his famous Fort Wayne speech. The Comptroller of the Currency has his views of the best method of coming to specie payments. Mr. Wells insists on reaching hard-pan by his special method. Senator Morton has favored the country with his opinions. Mr. Sumner and Gen. Butler are to deliver theirs. The senators have held a caucus, with the hope of coming to some understanding on the subject; and Senator Sherman invited some sixty of the greatest financial Solons in Washington last week, to a dinner, in the hope of eliciting from them, while under the influence of a generous feed, some wisdom which would aid in the settlement of the great question. But nothing came of it.

Congress has but six weeks more of life left in which to discuss the subject; and, looking at the utterly chaotic condition of congressional sentiment respecting it, we do not think there is the slightest chance for anything being done, except to talk about the currency. In the meanwhile, we have the comforting assurance that, under the leadership of President Grant, we shall have what we most need—a thoroughly practical reform of the government, and an honest and economical administration of affairs. We shall have a fresh Congress, composed of representatives who truly understand the wishes and necessities of their constituencies; and we have the assurance of General Grant himself that the wishes of the people, as expressed by their representatives, will meet with no opposition from him. So, with a decreasing debt and an increasing income, we do not find that there is any cause for the least apprehension of danger so far as the future of our financial condition is involved.

THE NATIONAL BOARD OF TRADE.

THE National Board of Trade, at its recent meeting held in Cincinnati, had the resumption of specie payments in its official programme of subjects. Thirty propositions, offered by as many members of the Board—some of them analogous, and others containing different plans of action—were submitted for consideration. All these propositions assume three things: first, that the national credit must be preserved by the honest payment of the public debt; secondly, that the paper currency of the country is not in a healthy and normal state; thirdly, that the return to specie payment at the earliest practicable moment is demanded alike by the duty of the Government and the interests of the people.

The several *plans* suggested for solving this financial problem revealed grave differences of opinion among the members of the Board as to the wisest course to be pursued. One gentleman proposed to legalize all gold contracts, and provide for specie payment on the 4th of July, 1870, by the gradual withdrawal and destruction of $100,000,000 of legal-tender notes. Another proposed that, beginning with the first of next April, ten per cent. of the duties on imports should be paid in legal tenders, with a quarterly increase of ten per cent. additional, until the whole amount should be paid in this way—the notes themselves being canceled as fast as received by the Government. Another proposed that, after the first of July, 1869, no note shall be a legal tender for a less amount than $10; and that the amount should be gradually increased until the first of July, 1871, when no note shall be a legal tender for any amount. Another proposed to resume specie payment in not less than one year and not more than two years distant, by allowing the holders of legal-tender notes to exchange them for interest-bearing bonds. These are some specimens of plans suggested for medicating the disease of a depreciated paper currency. Unable to agree upon any specific plan in its *details*, the Board, after submitting the whole subject to a committee of eight gentlemen, finally adopted a resolution, originally offered by a delegate from New York, in the following words:

Resolved, As the sense of the National Board of Trade, that Congress should, at its present session, determine the time for the resumption of specie payment."

The thing aimed at in this resolution is unquestionably a desideratum. An important step toward the result will be taken when the time is fixed for a return to specie payment. *It cannot, however, in our judgment, be fixed at present.* The people, the banks, and the Government will begin to prepare for the change when it is fixed, as they will not do otherwise. By a special act of Parliament a period of four years was granted for preparation before the Bank of England resumed specie payment after a suspension of twenty-three years. Whether the present Congress shall fix the time or not is, of course, uncertain, and also what period shall be allowed for the work of preparation; yet sooner or later —and the sooner it can be safely done the better—the people must come to this point. The objections to resumption, founded on the debtor interest and the reduction of values, apply to *all* modes, and, of course, will never cure themselves. The whole question is very largely a matter of *feeling*, as well as ability; and if the Government will wisely educate the feeling of the country, by fixing at the *proper time* the time for resumption, at a point neither too distant nor too near, all financial questions will gradually take their bearings from this fact. When the time actually does come, the country will pass through the crisis in a prepared state, and without sudden revulsion, scarcely feeling it to be a crisis. The general idea of the National Board of Trade we, hence, think to be a wise one.

THE MONEY MARKET.

MONEY was in full supply during all the past week, with an increasing confidence on the part of borrowers and a constant tendency to lower rates. On Saturday loans were readily made at 7 per cent. currency, and a very buoyant feeling prevailed among the stock operators in Broad Street. This bullish feeling was further increased when the character of the bank statement became known, toward the close of the day, and Monday was looked forward to with lively expectations of a renewed speculative feeling.

The bank statement certainly looked highly promising for an abundant supply of money and low rates of loans. As compared with the previous statement of Jan. 2d, the banks had gained in specie $6,648,808, in deposits $7,418,014, and in legal-tenders $2,244,707, while the loans had decreased $267,495, and in circulation $35,458. This is a very favorable state of things for our city banks to be able to exhibit. The excess of legal-tender over the legal reserve amounts to nearly $22,900,000, and the amount of specie in their vaults is greater than it has been at any time since the outbreak of the war. But on Monday, though money was freely offered at the commencement of business, before the close of bank hours it became very stringent, and many borrowers found it difficult to make up their accounts, even by paying as high as 7 per cent. in gold. The cause of this sudden tightness was, undoubtedly, owing to the usual manipulations of the banks by leading bears.

In consequence of the unlooked-for difficulty in making call loans, many weak holders of stocks were obliged to sell, and a decline took place on the whole list of the railways. Almost the only stock on the miscellaneous list that showed any strength was Canton, which advanced to 54.

New York Central was weak, and declined to 155.

Northwest stocks, which had risen very rapidly the past week, fell off about 2 per cent., and sold as low as 82 and 85¼.

Rock Island has manifested remarkable strength; it sold up to 126, and the knowing operators in it talk of its going up to 140 within a short time.

Cleveland and Pittsburg, after rising to 88 on a report of a scrip dividend of 15 per cent. by the new board of directors who have obtained control of it, suddenly fell off to 83. It is a very treacherous stock at the best, and the new managers do not seem to have gained the confidence of the street by their first movements.

Fort Wayne keeps up remarkably well, in the vicinity of 120.

Harlem Railroad is apparently a great favorite with the friends of the road; for, whenever any of it is offered at 128, it is immediately snapped up. The Harlem is earning largely; but what makes it so much sought after is the knowledge of the great increase in the value of its real estate on the Harlem River and of its depot in Fourth Avenue.

Pacific Mail was firm at 122, which is a large price for a non-dividend paying stock. But the directors, who have the best means of knowing its value, are among the buyers.

The bond market was not so excited at the commencement of the week as on Saturday; but U. S. securities were in good demand, and prices of all the different classes were well maintained.

The bonds of the Southern States are daily appreciating in their market value, and most of them are becoming favorite subjects for investment.

Express shares are neglected and dull. The public have lost confidence in them.

Gold was higher on Monday than at the close of the week, and sold up to 135¾.

The Central National Bank statement of this city, in another column, will attract general attention. This is one of the soundest and best managed corporations in New York. Their January dividend was five per cent.

The Rockford, Rock Island, and St. Louis Railroad Company to-day advertise that they will pay the coupons of their bonds, due February 1st, on that day, at their office, 12 Wall street, in gold coin, free of Government tax. We have more than once expressed our opinion of these securities, and have only to repeat that we regard these bonds as a perfectly sound and very desirable investment.

A correspondent in St. Louis is anxious to have some biographical facts in relation to the prominent actors in the Erie transactions; and we would gladly gratify him, if we had space at our disposal for the purpose. He is desirous of knowing, too, if some law cannot be devised to put an end to such rascalities as have recently been brought to light. Probably not while we have an elective judiciary. Let it be remembered that the rascalities are exceptional cases. The vast number of moneyed corporations having their offices in New York are discreetly and honorably managed by as honest and capable men as can be found in any commercial city in the world. Uprightness and integrity of conduct are the rule among our business men.

DRY GOODS.

UNDUE importance has been attached to the failures, or suspensions, which occurred in the dry goods trade at the close of December; and a disposition was shown in certain quarters to depreciate the standing of merchants generally, but without any marked effect. The great majority of our dry goods dealers—though the past year may not have been a very profitable one to some of them, particularly the importers of woolen goods—we believe to be in a sound condition, with the prospects before them of a profitable spring season.

The past week has been a very active one, in most descriptions of domestic cottons, for the season; and the very pleasant occupation of marking up prices has been pretty generally followed by all the large holders of shirtings and sheetings. Several causes have led to this condition of affairs. Money is much more abundant, the stocks in first hands are unusually small, and the price of the raw material has advanced full three cents a pound in ten days. The same cotton which sold at 13 cents last year at this time now commands 28½ cents; but the price of the manufactured fabrics has not risen in proportion to the rise in the value of the raw material.

Standard shirtings and sheetings, as well as the lighter qualities of unbleached goods, are firmly held at about a cent a yard in advance. Manufacturers, who know how limited the stock is on hand, are anticipating better prices as the season advances, and are in no hurry to effect sales.

The market for bleached goods is very firm, and in some of the more popular makes an advance of ½ to 1 cent a yard has been established. A decidedly improved tone has been imparted to all descriptions of bleached shirtings and sheetings by the ease in the money market and the rise in the price of the raw material.

The demand for cotton bags have considerably increased, and some large sales have been effected during the week at an advance of prices.

Apron checks, stripes, and ticks, corset jeans and cottonades, all feel the influence of a rising market, and are in more active demand at firm prices.

In prints there is a much livelier feeling evinced, a few large purchasers from the South, and from the Pacific States, having commenced operations. But the new styles are not yet offered in full supply, and the demand is confined mainly to dark work. Sprague's staple styles are now offered at the quoted rates; but there is a tendency to higher prices, which the increased demand as the season advances will be pretty sure to confirm.

Ginghams are in better demand, and prices are firmly maintained.

Rolled jaconets and cambrics are in good demand, and firmly held at the top of the market.

In muslin de laines there is but a moderate business doing; but an increased demand will spring up when the new styles of light effects are introduced for the coming season.

The demand for cloths is not by any means brisk. The jobbers show no anxiety to lay in their Spring stock of woolens, and the same remark will chiefly to the great clothing houses.

There is a slight improvement in the demand for fancy cassimeres and satinets; but the stock in first hands is smaller than usual, and the trade are waiting for a better supply to select from.

In worsted goods there has been no marked change to notice. Importations have considerably increased, particularly of cotton fabrics; but importers have not yet made any display of their new styles. The large purchasers from the South and West who have already appeared in the market indicate an early opening of the Spring trade, and a large business is confidently anticipated.

THE FIRST MORTGAGE, FIFTY-YEAR CONVERTIBLE BONDS of the ROCKFORD, ROCK ISLAND, and ST. LOUIS RAILROAD COMPANY Pay the PRINCIPAL and SEVEN PER CENT. INTEREST—1st FEB. and 1st AUG.—IN GOLD COIN, *Free of Government Tax.*

The Bonds are offered at 97½ and accrued interest in currency. Persons subscribing now will save the premium on the coupon payable Feb. 1st, proximo, equal to a reduction of one per cent. in the price of the Bonds.

Pamphlets, with maps, giving full information, sent on application.

All Bonds subscribed for sent by Express free of charge.

The Bonds may be had of H. H. BOODY, Treasurer, 12 Wall street, or of HENRY CLEWS & CO., Bankers, 32 Wall street, New York.

GENERAL MARKET REPORT.

A Table of Quotations will be found in another Column.

ASHES—The demand for both Pots and Pearls has been fair, but in prices there has been no particular change.

BREADSTUFFS.—Business in State and Western Flour the past week has been only to a moderate extent; the medium and better grades have been difficult of sale, and brands not well known have declined. The market generally is lower, and prices at the close have a downward tendency. California Flour has ruled dull, and prices show a decline. Canadian Flour is inactive and nominal. Southern Flour has declined, especially the medium grades, and the market closes heavy. Rye Flour has been in fair demand, but at irregular prices. Common brands show a decline, while choice are firm. Corn Meal has ruled dull and has declined. In Wheat we have had a fair degree of activity, but at variable prices, closing steady. Barley Malt has been in fair demand at firm prices. Barley ruled dull. Rye has declined; but ere the close there was a better demand and more firmness. Oats have been moderately active, but at fluctuating prices; at the close the market is tame and dull. Corn has been in fair demand, but at lower and irregular prices, especially for New; the less favorable news from Europe and the advance in freights have given buyers the advantage, and the market closes dull and rather heavy.

BROOM CORN.—The inquiry is limited, and the market is steady at 12@16 cts. per lb., the latter for choice.

COAL.—The market for Domestic is very dull, the large arrivals and mild weather give buyers the advantage; prices are unsettled, and lower sales from yard at $6@$8 per ton, the latter an extreme at the close. Foreign has been in good demand, but at rather easier prices.

COFFEE—The demand for Rio has been active entirely from the jobbing trade, both local and Western; and all desirable parcels have sold quickly at very full figures. On strictly prime grades a slight advance has taken place, and they are still a little buoyant. Owing to the very small supply here and to arrive, importers offer sparingly. Java remains very dull. West India styles are fairly active and steady. We quote Rio at 13@17¾ cts., Java 21@24 cts., Maracaibo 13@18 cts., and Laguayra 15@17½ cts.—all gold.

COTTON.—The demand has continued unusually active during the past week, and prices have rapidly improved about 1¾ cts. per lb. The business has been almost entirely of a speculative nature, matching contracts, making it necessary for the shorts to cover. Very few orders for stock to go into actual consumption have been received; foreign spinners in particular holding off, in view of considerable amounts bought "to arrive." At the South the markets are equally firm; planters less anxious to realize and very small receipts at all ports have added materially in strengthening values here. The stock at this point is small, particularly of the low grades, which are much wanted to meet engagements. At the close the demand is good and prices firm, at 28¾ cts. for Middling Uplands, to 29¾@29½ cts. do. New Orleans and Texas.

FLAX.—A limited business in Domestic, at about former prices; we quote at 14@22 cts. per lb. Foreign is dull and heavy.

GUANO.—The demand for Peruvian has been fair for the season and prices are steady.

HIDES.—Dry Hides have been in very good demand, prices have advanced and close firm. Upper Leather stock has been dull and prices are nominal. Wet Salted Hides are unchanged.

LEATHER.—Hemlock Sole has been in fair demand; but few buyers have made their appearance in the Swamp. Prices have advanced and close firm. Oak Sole has been fairly active and firm.

MOLASSES.—There has been a moderate movement in foreign grades, mostly at low figures, and in part for export; but the general tone of the market is very dull. Stocks accumulate, and prices still favor the buyer. Domestic has met with rather more inquiry, in part speculative, and prices are higher, closing firmly. We quote at 30@37 cts. for distilling and refining grades Cuba; 38@48 cts. for Grocery do.; 40@63 cts. for Porto Rico, 4 mos.; and 60@83 cts., cash, for New Orleans.

NAVAL STORES—We have had a very active and somewhat excited market for Spirits Turpentine and Rosins. Prices have advanced and close firm.

OIL CAKE.—The inquiry is only moderate, and the market is steady; sales of Western at $37 currency, and City at $45@$47 gold.

OILS.—American Linseed has been in very good demand, prices have advanced and close firm. English do. remains dull and prices are nominal. In Crude Fish Oils there has been no particular change, the demand being moderate. Lard Oil has advanced under an active demand. Prices at the close have an upward tendency.

PETROLEUM.—Holders of both Crude in bulk and Refined in bond have advanced their prices. Business, in consequence, has been only moderate.

PROVISIONS.—The belief in a short crop of hogs seems to be gaining ground every day; and we have again to note a week of great buoyancy, nearly all goods showing a very material improvement. The high rates reached, however, have almost entirely driven consumers and shippers from the market, and the business consummated was mainly speculative. Current extreme values are also beginning to have some effect upon sellers; and, though no concessions are offered, there is apparently a greater inclination to realize than heretofore, particularly as a large proportion of the alarmed shorts have covered. Mess Pork has been entirely devoid of excitement, owing to the absence of large orders; but has sold to a fair extent, and in most cases at $1@$1 25 per bbl. advance, the demand about equally divided between Old and New. Extra Prime has sold freely on Eastern account. Prime Mess has met with a little more inquiry at higher rates, but of late shows some irregularity. At the close the demand is moderate and prices weak at $28 25@$28 50 for Old Mess, $29@$29 25 for New Mess, $25 for Extra Prime, $27@$27 50 for Western Prime Mess, and $28 25@$28 50 for City do. For future delivery there has been a fair trade, the latest sales at $29 37½, for March. Beef has continued in good jobbing demand, with a little more doing on shipping account, and prices are stiff. We quote at $11@$17 for Plain Mess, and $12@$19 for Extra Mess. Tierce Beef continues to sell with a fair amount of freedom, and the market is quite firm. We quote at $27@30 for Prime Mess, and $30@$37 for India Mess. Beef Hams are firm and in fair request from smokers at $30@$34. Cut Meats have further advanced, sold pretty freely, and close firm at 12@12¾ cts. for Shoulders, and 16½@17 cts. for Hams in sweet pickle. For Bacon there has been some inquiry at much higher figures; but the offerings are still moderate and buyers are unable to make desirable selections. The closing rates are 14½@14¾ cts. for Cumberland Cut, and 15¼@16 cts. for Short Rib. Dressed Hogs have sold at 13¾@14 cts. for both kinds; but supply subsequently declined, closing again a little buoyant at 13¾@13¾ cts. for Western, and 13¾@14 cts. for City. Lard on the spot has met with a fair inquiry, to cover contracts, at advanced rates; but shippers take nothing, and the trade and refiners confine themselves to absolute necessities. The close is unsettled at 18¾@19 cts. for No. 1, 19@19½ cts. for City, 19¼@19¾ cts. for Steam, and 19¾@19¾ cts. for Kettle Rendered. For future delivery the advance has been very heavy, with a large business in old contracts, but very few fresh investments. Sales were made at 20@20¼ cts. for February and March, but at the close the offerings are at 19½@19¾ cts.

RICE.—East India is dull and nominal at 5@5¾ cts., gold, in bond. Carolina is in fair jobbing demand at 8¾@9¼ cts.

SEEDS.—The inquiry for Clover Seed is moderate, and prices favor the buyer; sales at 13@13½ cts. per lb. Timothy Seed is selling slowly at $3@3 12½ per bush. Rough Flax Seed is less plenty, and is firmer at $2 45@$2 60 per bush.

SUGARS.—The offering of Raw have been light, and prices were very strong throughout the week, with a pretty good aggregate of business transactions, though mostly done within a couple of days. Refiners were about the only buyers, the trade wanting nothing, and speculation hardly warranted at present. At the close a little demand prevails and prices are weak at 11¾@11¾ cts. for Fair to Good Refining, 11¾@11¾ cts. for do. Grocery, and 11¾@11¾ cts. for No. 12 Box which is that into Refining is higher than in fair request at 15¼@15⅝ cts. for Powdered, Granulated, and Crushed, 14¾@14¾ cts. for Soft White, 13½@14 cts. for Yellow, and 14¾@14¾ cts. for Extra "C."

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, JAN. 12, 1869.

(REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT.)

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE PRINCIPAL MARKET PLACES.

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	@	@
Extra	17 @17¾	17¼@17¾
First quality	16 @16¾	16 @16¾
Second quality	14½@15½	15 @16¼
Third quality	12 @14	13 @14½
Inferior	10 @12	11 @12
Average of all sales about	— @14¾	— @15

GENERAL QUOTATIONS.

COWS AND CALVES.

	This week.	Last week.
Choice	$90@100	$90@100
Good	75@ 85	75@ 85
Fair	60@ 70	60@ 70
Inferior and Common	50@ 55	50@ 55

VEAL CALVES.

	This week.	Last week.
Extra and Choice	13 @13¾	13¾@13¾
Good	12 @12¾	12 @12¾
Common	11 @11¾	11 @11¾
Inferior	10 @10¾	10 @10¾

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

	This week.	Last week.
Extra, per lb.	7¾@ 8	7¾@ 8
Choice, "	6¾@7	6¾@7
Good, "	6¼@6¾	6¼@6¾
Fair, "	5¾@6¼	5¾@6¼
Common, "	4¾@5¾	5 @5¾

SWINE.

	Live, per lb.	Dressed, per lb.
Corn fed, prime to choice	10¼@10¾	15¼@14
Corn-fed, common to good	10¼@10¾	13 @13¾

GENERAL REMARKS.

The week opened with a firm feeling for Beef Cattle, and there was a fair trade; but ere the close the demand had fallen off, and prices declined ½@1 cent ₱ lb. on all grades, and the market at present writing is unsettled and dull. Milch Cows are without much change in value; but there has been more doing. Sheep and Lambs during the early portion of the week were in very good demand, and prices firm; but ere the close a heavy feeling prevailed, and prices declined. Swine show an increase in the receipts; prices are nominal.

POSTSCRIPT.

LATEST DRY GOODS QUOTATIONS.

IMPORTANT TO EVERY MERCHANT IN THE UNITED STATES.

MONDAY EVENING, Jan. 11, 1869.

THE following are the wholesale net cash prices of all the leading articles of Domestic Dry Goods sold in the New York market. It is confidently believed that this weekly information, specially reported to THE INDEPENDENT, is more perfectly reliable than any other newspaper in the city, is worth, to every dry goods merchant, ten times the subscription price of the paper.

PRINTS.

Merrimack, W	16	Amoskeag	12½
Merrimack, D	14	Lowell	11
Cocheco, L	14	Wamsutta	9¾
Simpson	13	Victory	12
Pacific	13	Wauregan	12½
American	13	Arnold	13½
Dunnells	13	Hamilton	13
Allens	13	Richmond	13
Manchester	12	Gloucester	12
Freemans	12	Mourning	12
Briggs	12	Lancaster	12½
Nassau	11¼	Oriental	12½

GINGHAMS.

Lancaster	16	Harford	13
Berkshire	15	Roanoke	12½
Caledonia	15	Glasgow	15

BROWN SHEETINGS.

Amoskeag	14¾	Pocasset	15½
Lawrence, C	14	" F	12
" E	14	Pepperell, E	13
" G	12½	" R	14
" H	11½	" K	12
" I	11	" L	10½
Pacific, Extra	15½	" M	9½
" H	14	" N	8½
" L	14	" O	7½
Atlantic, A	15½	" P	6½
" H	14	Boot, S	14
" T	13	" R	13½
" V	11	" H	12
Superior, XXX	14	Appleton, A	15½
Shawmut, C	14	Laconia H	14
Augusta, F	14	" O	14
Stark, A	16	" F	14
Massachusetts, AA	14	Lyman, E	15½
" BB	14	" C	13½
" D	13	" A	12½
Indian Head	15½	Utica	14
"	14	Tremont, C	14
Exeter, A	14	Home, Orchard	13
" S	13	" C	11
Medford	14	" Elm	10
Augusta	15	" W	12
Gilbon	13	Great Falls, H	15½
Pocahontas, A	15	" J	14
Kennebec	14	" E	12½
Everett, AA	14	" S	12½
Shawmut, XX	14	Cabot, A	15
Bedford, B	11	" E	13
Conestoga, G	14	Dwight, A	15

BLEACHED MUSLINS.

New York Mills	36	Dwight	18
Wamsutta	25½	Ballou & Son	18
"	24	"	15
Tuscarora	21	Lonsdale	17½
Williamsville	20	" Cambric	20
Bates	20	Hill	17½
White Rock	18	"	16
Forestdale	16½	Bartlett	18½
Indian River, XX	13½	" 36-inch	16
" X	12½	" 31-inch	14
Attawaugan	12½	James St'm Mills	14
"	11½	"	12½
Masonville	18	" 31-inch	14
Blackstone	16	Great Falls, J	13½
Hope	16	" K	11½
Langdon	14	" L	10½
" 36-inch	18	" Q	14
" 31-inch	16	Red Bank, A	13½
Wauregan	14	Wachusett, A	13½
Pemperell	20	" 42-inch	16
"	18	"	15
"	9-4	" 9-4	50
"	10-4	" 10-4	58
Utica	14	Franklin Mf'g Co	15
"	13	Bay Mills	14
"	9-4	Putnam, A	10
"	10-4	"	12
" B	7-8	Green, G	13
Boot, E	14	Amoskeag, A	15½
" H	11	"	13
" N	10	Whitesville	13½

DENIMS.

Otis Company, CC	20
" BB	16
" AA	27½
Warren Brown	19
Lewiston, Brown	20
Columbian	20

TICKS.

Thorndike	17
Methuen, A A	20
Hamilton, Regular	20
Willow Brook	20
Everett	15
" A, Extra	20
Hampden, CC	20
Pearl River	22
Pittsfield	10½

CORSET JEANS.

Pepperell	15¾
Bates	13
Indian Orchard	13¾
Essex	15

BROWN DRILLS.

Appleton	18
Tremont	16½
Augusta	16½
Winthrop	15

DELAINES.

Lowell	20
Spragues	18
Armures	22½

CANTON FLANNELS.

Ellerton T	17½
" P	22
Amoskeag	35
Nashua	16½

REMOVAL.

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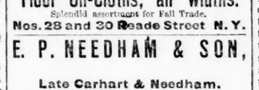

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